POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SIXTH "RIPPER" MURDER.

THE STOY OF THE WHITECHAPL MURDERS.

BY A JOURNALIST WHO WAS SPECIALY ENGAGED TO INVESTIGATE THE CRIMES AT THE TIME THEY WERE COMMITTED.

"Here—Judge if hell, with all its power o damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am."
—MOORE, "The Veiled Prohet of Khorassan."

PART IV.

AT last we have reached th final known crime of the whole diabolical eries,

THE SIXTH URDER.

This was the only assassination wch took place indoors, and, as the fiend had plenty ‹ time to proceed with his devilish work without fear of terruption, it cast all the others into the shade in atrocy. It occurred within a stone's-throw of the yard at 2 Hanbury Street, where Annie Chapman had been doneo death a couple of months earlier, and, strange to sa exactly opposite the house where she had lodged.

It was about noon on November 9, 188, that a rumour reached a newspaper office in Fleet Street that another "Ripper" outrage had taken place. In answer to inquiries, the police were so very retice that, beyond the bare fact that a murder had been petrated, no information could be obtained.

The Press Association sent out a v meagre account of the affair, and it was not until thinquest was held that any of the details were laid beforthe public. The inquiry took place at Shoreditch Tow Hall, before Dr. Macdonald, the coroner for N.-E. Middlsex, on November 12. The murdered woman's name wa Marie Jeannette Kelly, and her body was found, brutaly mutilated, in a house in Miller's Court, Dorset Street, Spitalfields, on Friday morning.

The jury having been sworn, after some objections, which were overruled, they viewed the body in the neighbouring mortuary, and afterwards inspected the scene of the tragedy.

Joseph Bennet, on being called, stated that he used to be a fish-porter, and afterwards a labourer. Up to Saturday last he lived at 24, New Street. Since then he had stayed with his sisters in Portpool Lane, Gray's Inn Road. He lived with the deceased for a year and eight months, and she had always told him her name was Marie Jeannette Kelly. He had seen the body and had identified it by the ear and eyes. He was positive it was the same woman. He had lived with her in Miller's Court for eight months, but separated from her on October 30 because she took a prostitute into her room out of compassion. His being out of work had nothing to do with his leaving her. He last saw her alive between half-past seven and a quarter to eight on the night she was supposed to be murdered. He went to ask after her welfare, and remained with her a quarter of an hour. They were on very friendly terms, but he had nothing to give her, and told her so, at the same time saying how sorry he was. They had nothing to drink together, and she was perfectly sober, as she generally was, though he had seen her drunk occasionally. When he wa visiting her on Thursday a female was present, who lived in the court. He had had many conversations with her about her parents. She told him she was born in Limerick, but went to Wales when she was very young, and came to London only four years before. Her father's name was John Kelly, and he was a "gaffer" at an ironworks in Wales. She had a sister who was a respectable woman, seven brothers at home, and one in the army. He had never seen any of her brothers. She also said she was married when very young to a collier named David or Davies, and had lived with him till he was killed in an explosion, but he could not say how long that was after marriage. She had told him she was about 16 when married, and, after her husband's death, she went to a cousin in Cardiff, but whether this cousin was male or female he could not state. She had been living a bad life there with her cousin, who was the cause of her downfall, and had been in the infirmary for eight or nine months.

When she came to London first she lived in a fast house in the West-End, and, from there went for a trip to France with a gentleman. On returning she walked the streets in Ratcliffe Highway, and lived for short periods with one and another. Witness first picked her up in Commercial Street, Spitalfields. They had a drink together, and he arranged to see her the following day, Saturday. Then they agreed to stay together, and he took lodgings in George Street, Commercial Road, where he was known. From that time they lived together till they parted a few days before her death.

On several occasions she had expressed a fear of the Whitechapel murderer when he read the details to her from the papers, but she had never expressed a fear of anyone else. They had quarrels sometimes, but were usually on the best of terms.

This concluded Bennet's evidence, which was given with great clearness and without a trace of reluctance.

The next witness was Thomas Boyer, 47, Dorset Street, Spitalfields, servant to Mr. McCarthy, the landlord of 13, Miller's Court. On Friday morning, it appeared, he was sent by McCarthy about 10.45 to go to "Mary Jane's" room to get the rent. He knocked, but, receiving no answer, went round to where there was a broken window. There was a curtain up, so he put his hand through the broken pane, and pulled it aside. He looked in. There were two lumps of flesh on the table and blood on the floor. The body was on the bed. He went quietly back to his master and told him. "Good God!" cried McCarthy. "Do you mean to say this?" After his master had peeped through the window they both went to the police-station and told what had happened. No one else knew then. McCarthy's shop was at the corner of the court.

The landlord, McCarthy, was next called, and stated that he was a grocer and lodging-house keeper at 27, Dorset Street. On Friday about half-past ten he sent his man, Boyer, to 13, Miller's Court, for the rent. Boyer came back, looking dreadfully scared, and the witness went and saw the blood and the body on the bed. They both then rushed to the station and saw Inspector Beck, to whom they gave the information, and who at once accompanied them to the scene of the murder. The deceased had lived, he said, at No. 13 for about ten months with the man Bennet. He did not know if they were married, but they lived on comfortable terms, except for slight rows occasionally, which were nothing much. The furniture belonged to the witness, and the rent of the room was 4s. 6d. per week, but the deceased was 29s. in arrears. He had often seen her the worse for drink.

Mary Ann Cox, a middle-aged woman, living at 5 room, Miller's Court, stated that she was a widow, and got her living on the streets. She had known deceased as occupant of No. 13 for eight or nine months. She had known her as "Mary Jane," and last saw her alive at midnight on Thursday, when she was very much intoxicated. Witness was walking behind her in Dorset Street,

and saw her turn up the court. With her was a short, stout man, shabbily dressed, and without an overcoat. He wore a longish coat, which was very much worn, and had a pot of ale in his hand. The coat was dark, and he had a hard black billycock. His face was blotchy, with a clean-shaven chin, and a full, carrotty moustache. Cox saw them go into Kelly's room, and said, "Good night, Mary." She turned round and replied, "Good night!" She saw she was drunk, and the man banged the door. Kelly said, "I'm going to have a song," and as witness went into her house she heard Kelly singing, "The violet I plucked from my mother's grave when a boy." Cox remained in her room a quarter of an hour and then went out. When she returned about one the deceased was still singing. The witness warmed her hands, and went out again, the sound of Kelly's singing still going on. She came back at three, but by this time the light in Kelly's room was out and there was no noise. Cox then went to bed, but not to sleep. She heard no noise in the court, and

BREAKING THE DOOR OPEN.

had not slept a wink till she was told of the murder at 11 o'clock in the morning. There were people living in the court who worked in the markets, and she heard them go out early. She also heard the footsteps of a man leaving at 6.15, and that would be too late for the markets. She didn't know what house he came from. He might have walked up the court and back again, or it might have been a policeman. The man with the deceased had a carroty moustache and short side whiskers. He seemed to be about 35. All his clothes were dark, and his boots were not heavy ones that made a noise. There was no sound at all as he went up the court. He looked shabby altogether.

Elizabeth Prater deposed that she was the wife of William Prater, a boot machinist, who had deserted her for five years. She lived at 20 room, Miller's Court, and the deceased occupied the room below her. She left her room at five on Thursday evening, and returned about one on Friday morning. She stood at the corner of the court waiting for a young man, a soldier, who visited her. She remained at the corner till about 1.20, when she went to McCarthy's shop and said: "If Jack comes tell him I have gone in." McCarthy's shop was open at that time. She had to pass the deceased's room, but didn't notice that night whether there was a light or not. The partition was so thin that she could hear any noise in Kelly's room, such as her walking about, but she heard nothing unusual when she came in that evening.

She went to bed at once, barricading her door with a table, and fell asleep immediately, having had something to drink. She slept very soundly. She possessed a black kitten that woke her between half-past three and four. Just then, as she was turning over to go to sleep again she heard a suppressed cry of, "Oh! murder!" exactly as if someone were waking out of a nightmare. The cry was faint, and seemed to come from the court near. It was nothing strange to hear cries of murder, so she took no notice. She went to sleep, and awoke again at five, when she went out and had a drink, after which she got into bed again. She heard no singing.

Caroline Maxwell, 14, Dorset Street, wife of a lodging-house deputy, said she had known deceased about four months. She also knew Joe Bennet. She believed the deceased to be an "unfortunate."

The coroner here cautioned the witness to be very careful, as her evidence differed from that of others.

She afterwards went on to say that she saw the deceased at the entry of the court on Friday morning between eight and half-past. She said to her: "Why, Mary, what brings you out so early?" Upon which she replied: "Oh, Carrie, I do feel so bad." Being asked if she would have a drink, she said: "I have just had a half-pint, and brought it all up." She indicated the Britannia as the house where she got the drink. The witness then took her husband's breakfast to Bishopsgate Street, and on her return, half-an-hour later, she saw Kelly talking to a man outside the Britannia. She was sure the woman was Kelly, and the man she was talking

to was short and stout, with dark clothes, and a kind of plaid coat. She could not say what hat he wore.

Sarah Lewis, of 24, Great Powell Street, stated that she was a laundress, and was at Mrs. Keyler's, 2, Miller's Court, which is the first house past the shop, and right opposite where deceased lived, at 2.30 on Friday morning. She saw a man standing at the door of the lodging-house in Dorset Street, across the way. He was a stout and not very tall man, and wore a black wide-awake. He was looking up the court, as if waiting for someone. She stayed, dozing in a chair sometimes, till five. A little before four she heard a loud cry of "Murder!"—one scream only—but took no notice. She might have done so had there been a second scream.

Dr. George Baxter Phillips, with whom we ought to be pretty well acquainted by this time, now gave evidence. He told the coroner that he was called by the police on Friday morning about 11, and went to Miller's Court. There he found a room, the door of which let out upon the side of a passage, and having two windows in the court. Two panes of one window were broken, and, finding the door locked, he looked through one of the broken panes and saw a mutilated corpse on the bed. "Having satisfied myself," he continued, "that there was no one else in view to whom I could render medical assistance, I thought it advisable in the public interest that no entrance should be made at the time. I remained until about half-past one, when the door was broken open. This was done by McCarthy, under the direction of Superintendent Arnold, who had arrived in the meantime. When I reached the yard the premises were in charge of Inspector Beck. The corpse had only a chemise on, and the doctor was certain that the body had been removed from one side of the bed to the other subsequent to the injury. The large quantity of blood under the bedstead, the saturated condition of the palliasse and pillow at the corner of the bedstead nearest the partition led me to the conclusion that the severance of the right carotid artery, which was the immediate cause of death, was inflicted while the deceased was lying at the right side of the bedstead, with her head and neck at the top right-hand corner."

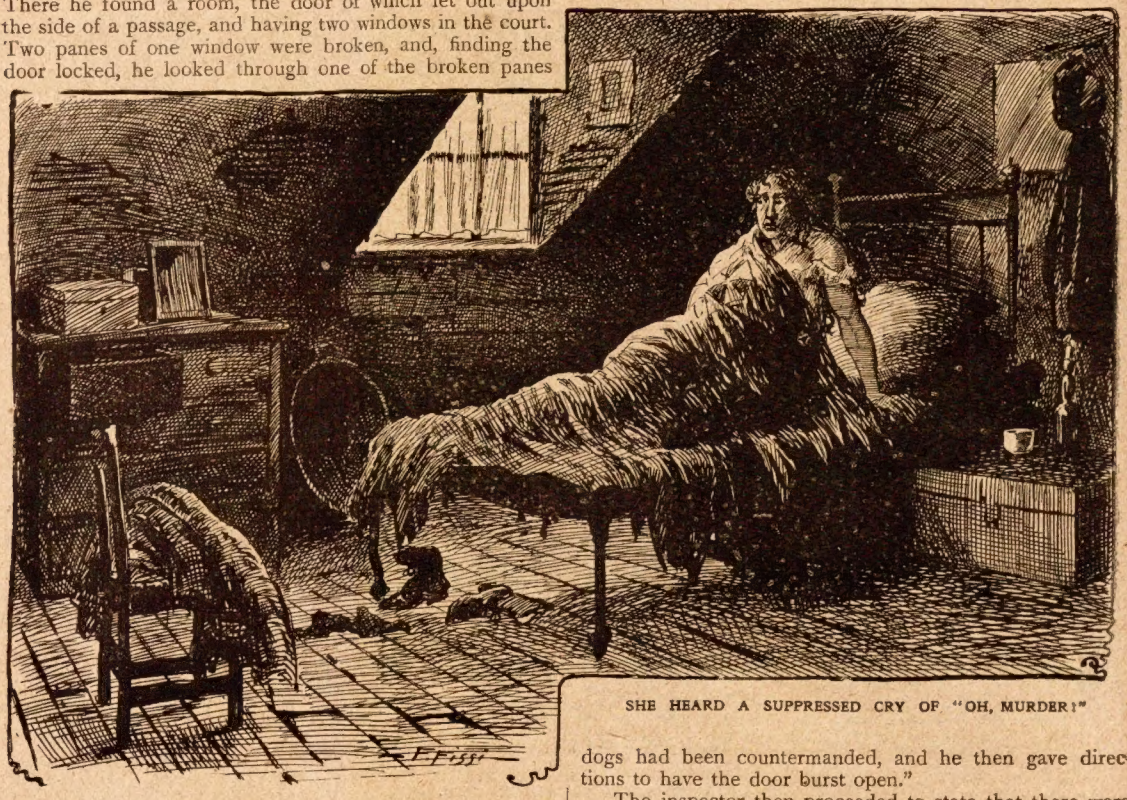
The direct cause of death having been thus ascertained, it was determined to postpone the hearing of the details respecting the mutilations, which were horrible in the extreme.

For some time past the authorities had been experimenting with bloodhounds both in Hyde Park and Epping Forest, but the dogs had scarcely answered the expectations formed concerning them. They were still in London, however, and the police imagined that this would be a good opportunity for testing them.

Inspector Abberline, of Scotland Yard, having been called, said that he arrived on the scene about 11.30.

"Was it at your orders the door was forced?" the coroner inquired.

"No, sir," replied the inspector. "I had an intimation from Inspector Beck that the dogs had been sent for and were on their way. Dr. Phillips wished me not to force the door, as it would be better to test the dogs if they were coming. We remained till 1.30, when Superintendent Arnold arrived, and said that the orders about the dogs had been countermanded, and he then gave directions to have the door burst open."



SHE HEARD A SUPPRESSED CRY OF "OH, MURDER!"

The inspector then proceeded to state that there were traces of a large fire having been kept up in the room. He had since gone through the ashes and found the remains of a straw hat and woman's clothing. He was of opinion they were burnt by the murderer to see what he was doing.

"They would not be saturated with blood," said the coroner, "so that would not be the reason for destroying them."

As to the key, Bennet informed the inspector that it had been missing for some time, and since the panes of glass had been broken, the pair had been in the habit of pushing the catch back through the window, and so entering, which they could easily do.

There was female evidence of a like character to that which has been already given, but there was little reliance to be placed upon it, as the women, it was plain to be seen, had all been more or less confused at the time, and contradicted each other freely. No one heard the singing save the witness Cox. A most important statement, however, was made by a man named George Hutchinson.

"On Thursday," he said, "I had been at Romford, and returned about two on Friday morning, having walked all the way. I came down Whitechapel Road into Commercial Street. As I passed Thrawl Street I saw a man standing at the corner, and as I went towards Flower and Dean Street I met the woman Kelly, whom I knew very well, having been in her company a number of times. She said: 'Mr. Hutchinson, can you lend me sixpence?' 'I cannot,' I replied; 'I am spent out going down to Romford.' She then walked on towards Thrawl Street, saying: 'I must go and look for some money.' The man who was standing at the corner came forward and put his hand on her shoulder and said something, I did not hear what, and they both burst out laughing. He put his hand again on her shoulder, and they walked slowly towards me. I walked on to the corner of Fashion Street, near a public-house. As they came by me his arm was still on her shoulder. He had on a soft felt hat, drawn somewhat over his eyes. I put down my head to look him in the face. He turned and looked at me very sternly, and they walked across the road to Dorset Street. I followed them across, and stood at the corner of Dorset Street. They stood at the corner of Miller's Court for two or three minutes. Kelly said loud: 'I have lost my handkerchief.' He pulled a red handkerchief out of his pocket and gave it to her, and they both went up the court together. I went to look up the court to see if I could see them, but could not. I stood there three-quarters of an hour to see if they came down again, but they did not, so I went away. My suspicions were aroused by seeing the man so well dressed, but I had no suspicion he was a murderer. He was about 5ft. 6in. in height, and 35 years of age, of dark complexion, and had a dark moustache, turned up at the ends. He was wearing a long, dark coat, trimmed with astrachan, and a white collar, with black necktie, in which was a horse-shoe pin. He wore a pair of dark spats, with light buttons, over a pair of button boots, and displayed from his waistcoat a massive gold chain, which had a big seal with a red stone hanging from it. He had a heavy moustache, curled up, dark eyes, and bushy eyebrows. There were no side whiskers, and the chin was clean shaven. He looked like a foreigner. I went up the court and stayed there a couple of minutes, but did not see any light in the house or hear a noise. The man carried a small parcel."

Now, if Hutchinson is to be credited, and I see no earthly reason why he should not be, we have in the above description a very distinct portrait of this extraordinary criminal. It certainly does not tally with the likeness of him as described by the witness Cox and others, but we must recollect that they were in all probability too muddled to notice anything with that degree of acuteness which Hutchinson appeared to possess. Hutchinson knew the woman well. He had often been in her company, and it is not stretching the point too far to believe that he was actuated by a spirit of jealousy in so narrowly watching the couple. However, the efforts of the police were still fruitless, and fruitless they have remained to this day so far as bringing the miscreant to justice has prevailed.

"HE TURNED AND LOOKED AT ME."

Of Kelly's mutilations the less said the better. They were far more frightful than any that had gone before. The face was actually flayed, the breasts cut off, and hung on nails in the walls of the room. She was disembowelled, and the entrails placed on the table, while lumps of flesh were cut from the thighs and elsewhere, leaving the bone exposed.

It was the last and worst of these terrible crimes, revolting to humanity, and degrading even to the lowest and least intellectual of our species. Tiger may fight tiger with unbounded ferocity, but that is open warfare, so to speak, while these demoniacal acts were committed in secrecy and darkness.

* * * * * *

EPILOGUE BY A MEDICAL EXPERT.

In each and every one of these awful tragedies the murderer seems to have been possessed by an insatiable lust for blood, an unquenchable thirst for mutilation, rather than with a simple desire to slay even members of the unfortunate class. It is well to remember this in our conjectures as to the probable author of the crimes.

Broadly speaking, there are two theories as to the identity of the perpetrator of the Whitechapel murders, and I shall now put them clearly before my readers. Theory No. 1 says that "Jack-the-Ripper" and Neil Cream were one and the same person; No. 2 declares the shocking outrages to be the handiwork of some demented doctor, who, from time to time, was seized with attacks of homicidal mania. That the real "Ripper" had some surgical knowledge is not, and never has been denied.

Was the foul "Ripper" the miscreant Neil Cream? The conjecture that he was is based on three data only. Cream was a doctor, he selected women of the streets as his victims, and when the fatal bolt which was to launch him into eternity was actually being drawn he faltered out: "I am Jack ——". The rest of that sentence was never finished, though that he did commence a statement when on the very brink of the grave there is no doubt, for we have it on the authority of the late Billington, the hangman.

Compare these arguments in favour of the unenviable

A Short Stout Man.

notoriety being due to Cream with the "contra" side of the account of villainy.

Not one of the accounts of the appearance of the supposed murderer could in any way indicate Cream, and the most reliable one differs very widely from the description of the Stamford Street poisoner.

Next, the methods of murder in the two series of crimes are widely divergent. Cream was a poisoner, pure and simple, and history shows us no case of a poisoner abandoning his lethal medium, save that in Italy an occasional stab with a stiletto may have been administered by the same hand, either to hasten death or to avoid arrest.

Remember, too, that Neil Cream had a habit of writing to some prominent person after each of his murders, offering to discover the culprit for a fixed sum of money, or accusing some relative of the eminent man, and demanding blackmail. No such letter ever followed the "Ripper" horrors.

Among Cream's possessions, while plenty of poisons were found, no surgical instruments capable of inflicting the mutilations were discovered.

Lastly, Cream went to the scaffold with a lie on his lips, and it is not too much to suppose that he tried to tell one while under the fatal beam.

With regard to the second theory that the murderer was a mad doctor. The work throughout was that of a fiend. The mutilations, commenced, probably, with a view to removing a certain internal organ, increased in horror as the passion for cutting, for seeing blood flow, for the reek of gore grew stronger with each succeeding access of mania. Look, too, at the brutality, the fiendish, demoniacal brutality with which the real "Ripper" placed portions of his victim's bleeding flesh around the scene of the slaughter, till, in the last case, he hung the poor woman's breasts on nails in the wall of the room! Is this the work of a cool, calculating villain like Cream, who sought for profit from his murders?

The theory is further strengthened by the almost superhuman cunning which marked the advent and retreat of the criminal. It was the cunning of the dangerous maniac, who did not make, who could not make, the fatal slip common to saner murderers.

The only point which seems to militate against the "Ripper" being other than Cream is that he selected his "victims" from amongst the unfortunate class, but, from the very nature of his operations, it is far from improbable that he was driven to mania through the medium of some woman, and selected street-walkers to wreak his mad vengeance on because the very nature of their calling favoured his purpose.

When we add to this the fact that one of the greatest criminal experts of the day declares that the real "Jack-the-Ripper" was a mad doctor, who is said to have committed suicide by drowning shortly after the last tragedy, and that his identity was virtually established to the police, when it was too late, we shall see that we have sufficient rational grounds for deciding that "Jack-the-Ripper" was a doctor, not Neil Cream, was mad, and is now, probably, dead.

Thus we take leave of this fearful series of slayings with a feeling of deep pity for the poor women, driven by want and bad example to the awful calling which led them to their deaths, and a sense of security against any repetition of the Whitechapel horrors, while a little sorrow must be felt for the poor, demented lunatic whose acts were, assuredly, the outcome of frenzy, and not of intent.

Killed by Their Own Inventions.

Ever since the days of Haman and Mordecai we find various instances of persons who have devised an instrument for the punishment of others being themselves victims of their own inventions. Thus Perillus, who invented a brazen bull in which to roast live criminals, and thus to gratify the lust for cruelty which devoured the tyrant of Agrigentum, was the first person baked to death in his own fiendish furnace. Morton, Regent of Scotland in the time of Queen Elizabeth, invented the Scottish Maiden, a species of guillotine, and was himself the first to have his head struck off on it. The Bishop of Verdun invented a diabolical arrangement, called the Iron Cage, in which his victims could not stand upright or obtain any rest whatsoever. By the irony of fate, as soon as he had perfected his ingenious torture-box he was the first to be incarcerated in it; while Cardinal Balue, who brought the merits of the contrivance to the notice of Louis XI., was enclosed in one for ten years. A brute of the name of Ludivico Sfortza refined the torture-box to what he called "The Iron Shroud," in which, as we have explained in the series of "Tortures" which we published, the victim died in agonies which were horribly protracted. Sfortza boasted that the maximum of suffering could be obtained from this instrument. He had an opportunity to prove his words, for he was the first to be experimented upon with his own weapon. Other cases might be cited to show how the fiends in human form who catered for the sorrows of their fellow-beings had a fatal knack of incurring the hatred of some brutal patron who practised on them with their own devices. Even Aubriot, who built the Bastile, was eventually imprisoned in his own impregnable fortress, having been convicted on a charge of heresy.

Plentiful.... Pistollings.

INSANE ASSAULT UPON A SYMPATHETIC FRIEND.

"Full levelled at the baron's head:
Rang the report, the bullet sped."
—SCOTT, "Rokeby."

FEW occurrences in the lurid and sanguinary annals of crime were (and are) more utterly inexplicable and puzzling to the ordinary intellect of "the man in the street" than a brace of meditated murders which occurred in Staffordshire in the first year of the nineteenth century, and of which the finality was a most determined suicide.

At that date (1800) a certain Mr. Wainwright was a prosperous merchant in Liverpool, who had a Mr. Smith, of Tunstall, as a bosom friend.

Tunstall, we may observe, is contiguous to Burslem, in the heart of the Staffordshire "potteries," or earthenware industries, and Mr. Smith was himself a manufacturer of porcelain.

Early on the morning of June 21, 1800, Mr. Wainwright sat in the private room of his office, meditating deeply. He had watched the punctual arrival of the staff of clerks, and seen them all assiduous, bending over their books at their matutinal duties.

He had been interviewed by his numerous and efficient gang of stevedores and carmen, and had seen them depart for the various scenes of their respective labours at the different docks where vessels containing goods for his firm were lying.

Moreover, he had perused his letters and manifests, bills of lading and other commercial documents, all neatly docketted in Mr. Wainwright's own hand, lay in orderly battalia on his broad writing-table. Everything in and about the room bore the stamp of business method and prosperity.

Indeed, Mr. Wainwright was one of the most prosperous and wealthy merchants of the great seaport on the Mersey which claims the long-legged "liver" as its natal habitation. Probably no such bird ever existed; but, pshaw! what did herald ever reck of that? Did the dragon, the phœnix, the wyvern, the griffin, or even Scotland's "ruddy lion that ramps in gold" ever exist in the flesh? We trow not!

But, prosperity apart, the merchant's face was grave and anxious.

Presently he spoke in a low murmur, quite inaudible in the outer office, for he had the peculiar habit, not uncommon amongst men whose minds are much burdened, of "talking to himself."

"Poor Smith!" he murmured. "I hope it isn't true; but yet I heard it from several yesterday."

A clerk knocked and entered and asked for some instructions.

"Why should it be so?" the merchant resumed when the man had retired. "The business was a very prosperous one in his father's time. I have often heard my own dear father say so.

"I suppose Smith has been too fond of making costly experiments and placing expensive wares for which there is, as yet, but little demand upon the market."

After a little reflection, he proceeded:

"Poor fellow; he would be a second Wedgwood! A flat's game. And even Wedgwood himself gained more kudos than coin, I suspect."

Again an interval of meditation.

"Then, I'm afraid his wife is something of a millstone around his neck. She maintains far too much state and keeps too much company for a manufacturer's wife. Poor Smith!"

And he sighed deeply.

"Then, I fear she is somewhat light-minded and frivolous, and Belsy thinks so, too. No harm in her, that I know of; but she is far too dressy and too fond of the flattery and admiration of the other sex."

Here a clerk entered and handed Mr. Wainwright a letter.

"Does the bearer wish for a reply?" asked the merchant.

"No, sir," responded the clerk as he left the room.

Mr. Wainwright perused the epistle with a thoughtful brow. The gist of it was a request that the recipient would meet the writer at a public-house specified, near the Circus, Liverpool, as soon as possible.

The letter bore no signature; but Wainwright had no difficulty in identifying the somewhat peculiar chirography as that of his friend, Mr. Smith, although an evident attempt had been made to disguise the handwriting.

"Confound it!" muttered the merchant; "why on earth

Apprehended by two Bow Street runners.

does Smith send me such queer missives? I hate mystery, and I did not want to leave the office this morning. However, I'll go."

Wainwright had hardly resumed the seat at his writing-table when the clerk entered with another letter.

"Waiting for an answer, Sims?"

"No, sir. Said there was no answer."

"Anyone I know—or you do?"

"No, sir; a woman."

"A woman! A lady?"

"No, sir; respectable. A domestic servant, I think."

"All right; thank you."

When the young man had retired the merchant opened the letter, which was carelessly folded and badly addressed. It was, like the other, anonymous, signed, "A Friend," and warned the merchant that he had a bitter enemy in the shape of an envenomed husband—not named—who was jealous of Wainwright's admiration of his wife.

"What rubbish!" growled the merchant angrily. "I've never given two thoughts to any woman all my life. But fools are plentiful and mischief-makers abound." And he fretfully tore the letter into tiny pieces and threw them into the grate.

The merchant duly kept the appointment at the hostelry contiguous to the Circus.

There, as he expected, he met his friend, Theophilus Smith, whose face looked very careworn and whose manner betrayed much agitation.

"This is, indeed, kind of you, Peter!" he said, grasping Wainwright's hands; "but I knew you would not fail me, for the sake of auld lang syne."

Then, with much agitation, Smith produced a balance-sheet, which showed clearly that he was a ruined man.

"I'm sorry for this, Theophilus," said Wainwright, "for your wife and child's sake."

We do not need to report the rest of this colloquy. Mr. Smith desired that the merchant should accompany him to his residence at Tunstall, where there was to be a meeting of his creditors, and where he wished to have the moral support of Mr. Wainwright's presence. Moreover, he wished to start for home at once, as the meeting would be on during the afternoon.

it full at his companion. The bullet missed Wainwright. Like a flash Smith drew another pistol and shot a second time.

"Are you mad, Theo?" shouted Wainwright.

"Yes, I think I am, Peter!" cried Smith, striking his brow with his hand.

"Let's get to your place as soon as we can!" cried the anxious merchant.

Smith agreed, and they proceeded side by side. They had not gone far, however, before Smith drew a third pistol (this time a double-barrelled one), and, firing obliquely, shot his companion through the abdomen.

With a yell of pain and terror, Wainwright seized the would-be assassin, and, being much the stronger man, wrested the weapon from him.

The wounded man, bleeding copiously, could get no admittance at Smith's place, but staggered to an adjacent cottage.

Smith disappeared. A reward of £50 was offered for his

DISCHARGED IT FULL AT HIS COMPANION.

Mr. Wainwright knew that he could be spared from the office, and consented to go. A post-chaise was hired, and the friends started, Wainwright acting as jehu, with the understanding that he would bring the chaise home or leave it at an inn at Burslem.

Smith brightened up during the journey, and talked sensibly, but not hopefully, of his affairs. Burslem was passed, and by-and-by, on the nether edge of a large pasture, lying on the off-side of the road, Mr. Smith's house and the works were visible.

"Let us get down here, please, Peter," said Smith, "and cross this grass field to my place."

"Why should we do that?"

"Because I am well known hereabout, and there are several writs out against me."

They got down, tethered the horse, and crossed the pasture.

They had passed half across the field side by side, when Smith suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket, and discharged

arrest, and he was discovered in Market Lane by Dicon and Carpmael, two Bow Street runners, and apprehended. Smith carried two double-barrelled pistols, but made no resistance to the officers.

While in Stafford gaol Mrs. Smith was permitted to visit her husband. On New Year's Day, 1801, she came at about eleven o'clock. Soon after the keeper heard two reports from the cell, and, hastening thither, the gaoler found the bodies of both Smith and his wife extended on the floor. The former, the top of whose skull was blown away and his brains were scattered about, still clasped a smoking double-barrelled pistol. The woman was insensible and shot through the back, the spine being fortunately untouched.

Mr. Wainwright and Mrs. Smith both recovered from their injuries, but the mystery of Smith's inexplicable conduct was never satisfactorily elucidated. Nor can the present-day reader avoid being puzzled how Smith should have had such an armoury of pistols, and especially the one in Stafford gaol.

Colonel James Turner

THE STORY OF A CAVALIER WHO BECAME A BLACK-LEG AND PERISHED ON THE GALLOWS.

"Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me and my life is done."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Richard II." Act I. Sc. 1.

THUS old Pepys, the great chronicler of the seventeenth century: "January 8, 1664.—Upon the 'Change a great talk there was of one Mr. Tryan, an old man, a merchant of Lime Street, robbed last night (his man and maid being gone out after he was a-bed), and gagged and robbed of £1,050 in money and about £4,000 in jewels, which he had in his house as security for money. It is believed that his man is guilty of confederacy by their ready going to his secret till in his desk, wherein the key of the cash-chest lay."

Certainly Pepys was right; there was a great stir in business circles when it became known that the highly-respected Mr. Tryan had been plundered, but when the facts of the case became public property consternation and fear were added to astonishment.

According to the victim's own account, he retired to bed about eight o'clock, and soon fell asleep. Suddenly he woke up, feeling someone shake him. The next minute he saw two men standing one on each side of his bed. One held a lantern which opened on one side only. "My masters, who are you?" he asked, but he got no reply. He then inquired what their business might be at that time of night, for by the lantern he could discern that it was just on eleven o'clock. Again he got no answer in words, but in action he did, for he was immediately seized by the intruders, one of whom held his hands together while the other bound them with a thin cord, using such violence that the indents in the flesh remained for a fortnight. His legs were then tied, and one of the ruffians strove to gag him by thrusting his finger into his mouth while the other prepared a cork. The old man, barely awake, at last comprehended what was being done, and bit the finger, which the robber forthwith suddenly pulled out, dragging with it one of the aged merchant's few remaining teeth. The cork was then crammed into his mouth, and he was laid face downwards on his bed. He was then informed that he should not lose a hair of his head, and was left alone. For an hour he lay in agony, and then commenced to roll about, in doing which he fell off the bed and bruised himself seriously, besides cutting his thigh a little. By dint of rubbing his mouth against the floor he managed to get the gag out, and wriggled towards the window, which he reached at last, and, butting the glass, broke it, and shouted "Murder! Thieves!" at the top of his voice. To such good purpose did he shout that the neighbours, who had been in bed for some time, were woken up, and they ran round to see what was the matter.

A Dutch wine-seller, named Vanden-Anchor, was the earliest arrival, and he untied the poor old gentleman, but by the time he had done so quite a crowd of curious and sympathetic people had entered the house. Clad solely in a shirt and waistcoat, Mr. Tryan rushed downstairs to the counting-house to see what had been stolen. It did not take him long to estimate the extent of his loss; his coffers had been rifled, his till and cash-box turned inside out, and sundry parcels of jewellery missing. In all between five and six thousand pounds' worth of valuables had vanished.

Neighbouring merchants were much disturbed at this outrage, for Lime Street is in the very heart of the City, running between Leadenhall Street and Fenchurch Street, and it was thought that it was one of the most difficult places for a robbery to be committed in. In those days the merchants lived above their shops, and the City was inhabited, and not, as to-day, solely the abode of caretakers after seven in the evening.

On the day following this robbery news of it came to Sir Thomas Alleyne, an alderman and a Justice of the Peace, and as he knew old Tryan he thought that he would walk round in the course of the afternoon and inquire after the aged man. When he got there he was surprised to find that no one had taken any legal steps to discover the robbers, and so he took the matter in hand himself with a delightful freedom which is rather startling in view of the present decorous police-court proceedings. Without waiting for any court at all he set to work to examine all who were in the house. The servants were first called, and they said that they had been out when the robbery took place, but that as soon as they had heard of it they had hastened home. Further, the man said that they had been supping with a Colonel Turner, but this the maid denied.

Now, it seemed a little strange to the alderman that servants should be entertained as guests by a colonel, and he was a little suspicious of the affair, and determined to talk to the officer himself.

Asked where he had spent the evening, Colonel Turner said that he had visited several taverns, and gone to bed at nine o'clock. Very little inquiry showed that this was false, and Sir Thomas Alleyne told Tryan that if Turner was not the thief he at least knew who was. This the merchant indignantly denied, saying that he had the most implicit trust in the colonel's integrity. That, however, did not satisfy the magistrate.

Colonel James Turner started life as a cavalier, and served with some credit in the Royalist ranks. On the fall, however, of his sovereign, Charles I., he set about another profession, and as the very last calling which one would suspect a soldier to take up, he became a solicitor. He was not a recognised attorney, but under the lax system then in vogue practised as a sort of free-lance. He had many dealings on the Stock Exchange, and was regarded as a rogue by most people whose ill-luck it was to have any dealings with him. His principal work seems to have been negotiating loans for other persons, and we may be certain that many fat little pickings found their way into the gallant colonel's pocket, both from borrower and lender. Altogether, he was a bad lot even for the dissolute days of Charles II., and was regarded with suspicion by the more respectable merchants in the City.

In spite of the protestations of Mr. Tryan, Sir Thomas was determined to keep an eye on the colonel, and he told him that he wanted to search his house and also to examine his children. Turner objected to this, but Sir Thomas had his own way, and the house was ransacked, but unfortunately nothing was found. This, however, did not satisfy the alderman, and he took Turner aside and told him that he was positive that he was either the actual thief or that he knew who the robber was. Instead of indignantly denying this the colonel tamely waived the question, a proceeding which further strengthened the magistrate's opinion.

On the next morning a brother "beak" told Alleyne that Turner was removing large sums of money from his house, and he set off under the guidance of a couple of maids to a house and shop in the Minories, where Colonel Turner carried on his business. There he found the ex-officer engaged in emptying a chest, and he bade him stop while he searched the place. In the chest he found two wallets containing in all £500, and in the adjoining room a couple more.

The sight of this discovery so bewildered Turner that he could not reply to any question put to him for a few minutes. At last he said that the money was his own, that he had received it from a goldsmith whose name he did not know some days before, and that he was removing it "till this foolery be over-past."

Alleyne next made out an order for Turner's committal to Newgate, but first took him with him to Tryan's house, telling the merchant that he had brought a man who knew where the jewels were, and from whom he had recovered a quantity of the stolen money. This he did because Turner had managed to make up a new story to the effect that he could eventually get hold of the stolen property, but that the haste which the magistrate was displaying might ruin all. At the colonel's request he was permitted to talk to Mr. Tryan in secret, and when he returned to the outer room he announced that Tryan was perfectly satisfied, and that the money seized was to be returned to him. He also said that he had an appointment with a man that afternoon, when

he would recover the whole of the lost property. On this Alleyne let him free for a short time, but he had not been gone long before word was brought to him again that Turner was in the custody of the marshal, and was detained at the Hoop Tavern. Thither he sent word that he was to be brought before him again.

In this plight Turner explained that he was too late to keep his original appointment, but that he had another chance of catching the man at nine in the evening. The marshal, however, said that he could not release his prisoner, so eventually it was arranged that Mrs. Turner should be sent for, and that she should go and meet this mysterious person. She agreed, and late that evening two bags containing the jewellery were handed over to Tryan and Alleyne.

On this Turner demanded to be let go, but it was pointed out that £600 was still missing, and he promised to give his bond for this at six months, but the wily magistrate was determined not to let his man escape, so, remarking that, if

THERE HE FOUND THE EX-OFFICER ENGAGED IN RIFLING A CHEST.

the colonel was willing to give his bond for an unknown thief, he must know something about the robbery, he forthwith committed him to prison to await his trial at the next sessions of the Old Bailey.

The colonel was not kept long in suspense, for, on the 15th of January, he was placed at the bar, together with his wife, his younger son, and one William Turner, not related to him, to plead to the indictment.

When the clerk called over the names it was found that John Turner, the eldest son of the colonel, was included in the charge, and he was said to have escaped justice and was not to be found; but this his father flatly denied, and said that, if they would go to a certain house in Fleet Street, he could be found at any time. The accused were then sent back to Newgate for half-an-hour while John Turner was fetched, and then he was placed in the dock with the others, and all were charged with felony and burglary, Mrs. Turner and her younger son also with being accessories after the act. The indictment was a portentous document, for it contained a complete inventory of every article of jewellery which had been taken away, with the exact value as appraised by an official valuer.

When this lengthy screed had been read the prisoners were asked to plead, but Colonel Turner was not in a hurry to do so, and commenced to address the two judges—Hyde and Bridgeman—asking by what authority the sheriffs had seized all his goods, and begging the judges to give orders that they should all be given over to him or to some person whom he should see fit to appoint. On this the judges pointed out to the prisoner that the goods of a felon were the property of the King, but that, as he had not been yet convicted of felony, they were still his; nevertheless, it was necessary that due precaution should be taken to prevent the property being taken away, lest, in case of conviction, the King should suffer. At the same time they were willing that, whatever the colonel required out of his property, should be at once brought to him. This was gracious of them, inasmuch as the following day would see the prisoner either proved guilty or innocent.

Even this did not satisfy James Turner, but at last the judges had to command him to plead and leave the question of his property over till his trial. Then, reluctantly, Colonel Turner pleaded "Not guilty," as did all the other prisoners, and they were taken back to Newgate to await their trial next day.

On the following morning the whole of the prisoners were again placed in the dock, and the indictment read a second time; then the case was stated for the Crown and the witnesses called.

The first witness was Alderman Sir Thomas Alleyne, who gave an account of the reasons which led him to suspect Colonel Turner. The substance of his evidence our readers know. He was followed by Tryan, who described the assault in the bedroom, and said that, though he could not absolutely swear that the principal prisoner was one of the men who bound him, he was "as like him as could be," and added that Turner knew perfectly well where all his cash and jewels were kept. Next to him came Hill, the man-servant of the merchant.

This witness added a new light to the darkness which enshrouded the case. He said that some little time before the colonel had tried to persuade him to join with him in forging a will, adding that Tryan was a very old man, and had a lot of property to leave, and that he would soon be dead. The witness flatly refused to have anything to do with the matter at all. He then accounted for the whole of his movements on the night in question, and proved clearly that he was out of the house while the outrage was taking place.

Other servants, both of the accused and the merchant, corroborated this.

Major Tasker, a City official, then was put into the box, and other witnesses proved that the seals on the bags which had been found in Turner's rooms were those of the Bishop of Chichester, and had been in the possession of Tryan on the day of the robbery.

While these witnesses were being examined the colonel kept on making remarks and whispering to the jury. Then the neighbours who had assisted the unfortunate Tryan were called, and they spoke to the front door of the house being open, but said that it bore marks of having been forced. The evidence was then directed to showing that Turner was with William Turner on the night of the burglary, although he swore that he had not seen him for three years. The case for the Crown was then closed.

Colonel Turner conducted the defence for himself and the other prisoners, and made a very long statement, which set

Tried to persuade him.

forth as follows: On the night of the robbery he had gone to bed, and was aroused by a constable, who told him that Mr. Tryan wanted him. He went at once, and heard that his friend had been robbed, which made him weep. He promised to assist, and eventually got to know that one John Wild had committed the deed. He went down at once to Whitechapel, where he thought he could find Wild, and managed to do so. He caught him and held him by the belt of his breeches, telling him that he would charge him with "flat felony." Wild got alarmed, and told him that, if he would take an oath by the sufferings of Christ not to give him up to justice, he would recover the whole of the lost property. Turner was afraid, and did so. They then waited on Tower Hill, and a second thief came up and was told to go and fetch all the stolen money and the goods, as that was the only way to escape from the gallows. Till four o'clock in the morning Wild and Turner waited for the second thief, who at length appeared and delivered over the property.

Mary Turner, John, William, and the young lad knew nothing of the matter at all. John jumped out of the window in the house in the Minories because he was frightened that thieves had entered it.

He then described how his wife had gone to Tower Hill after his own arrest to fetch two bags of jewels, which he was unable to carry on the first visit to the thieves, and related how she was to find a person whom she had never seen before, but who apparently was to expect her, though the original arrangement was for him to come. At this Mrs. Turner wanted to have her say, but the colonel was a bit of a martinet, and exclaimed to the judge, "See how she interrupts me! I cannot hold women's tongues nor your lordship neither!"

"This is not a May game!" was the judge's comment.

The principal prisoner then called the witnesses for his defence, who, according to the custom of the time, were not sworn. As one after the other made statements flatly contradicting the colonel's story, he passed the discrepancy aside, remarking, "Merely a slip of the tongue, my lord!"

This went on for some time, and then the judges intimated that Turner was only wasting his time and that of the court, and at once proceeded to sum up. Contrary to custom, both the judges wished to have a say in the matter, and their charges were far from consoling to Turner. From the very commencement of the trial the fact that Turner was not the only one being tried seems to have been forgotten, and all energies were directed to getting him convicted.

Chief Justice Hyde spoke first, and directed that Mary Turner should be discharged, because though she knew perfectly well what she was doing, she was under the influence of her husband. With that the jury were sent off to consult.

An hour elapsed, and then they returned with a verdict of guilty against the colonel, and acquitted the other prisoners. The convict and William Turner were taken to the cells, the former to await sentence at the close of the sessions and the latter to be tried at the next assizes for stealing £45 from Tryan. Seeing that he stood convicted, Colonel Turner confessed that he had arranged to commit the robbery about Christmas, but that one of his accomplices was drunk then and the whole affair too risky. William Turner was mixed up in the matter, and had actually taken a hand on the night of the crime. As his share of the spoil William was to have a hundred pounds.

Late that same evening James Turner was again brought to the bar to receive sentence at the hands of the Recorder. He pleaded to be transported instead of being hanged, but the Recorder said that that was not possible, but that the clemency of the King might alter his sentence if it was represented to him. The convict was then sentenced to be hanged till he was dead at an appointed place of execution.

Short shrift was allowed the condemned in the days of Charles II., and on Thursday, January 21, the colonel was placed in a cart and brought out to execution, in spite of the tremendous influence which had been brought to bear to save his life. The cart started off, and eventually Turner recognised that his place of death was to be at the junction of Lime Street and Leadenhall Street, the nearest spot to the scene of his crime.

On mounting the scaffold he gave fifty shillings to the executioner, telling him that his friends wanted his clothes, and also handed him half-a-crown for a drink! Then he commenced an interminable address to the sheriffs and the crowd. William Turner next engaged his attention, and he declared that he was but a hireling, and acted under his orders. A little discourse concerning his own career and the part he had played in the wars was then offered to the people, who were getting impatient to see the end of that career. This vexed the Ordinary, who begged him to make preparation for the coming change, so at length Colonel Turner thought of the business immediately in hand. The chaplain questioned him with regard to other villainies with which he was generally supposed to be connected, but all were denied by him. Then he commenced a long harangue concerning his part in attempting to obtain a reprieve, and said that persons who did not like him had unfairly prejudiced the King's mind. Again recalled by the chaplain, he started praying, and after about a couple of hours was ready for the hangman.

On the rope being put round his neck it was a little tight, and he inquired of the executioner if he wished to choke him. Then as he stood on the ladder he recited more prayers, which he interrupted to kiss his hand to a lady whom he knew, and eventually was turned off. He died hard, struggling for some time, but it is probable that he was unconscious after the first minute. When quite dead his body was cut down and handed over to his friends for interment. Thus died Colonel Turner, long remembered as one of the greatest scoundrels who ever haunted the Stock Exchange.

The Killing at Renskie's Farm

NEAR CAPETOWN,

DURING THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 29-30, 1883.

IN the "Cape Argus" of Thursday, January 3, 1884, there appeared:

"Early on Sunday morning it was reported to the Chief Constable at Woodstock by a man named Alfred Franks that during the night the caretaker of Renskie's Farm, a discharged soldier named Fotherington James Milne, had been found dead in his sitting-room, stabbed to the heart. Evidence was taken by Mr. Phillpott, but it throws no light on the perpetrator of the deed, and no arrests have been made.

"Hanson Francis Wood, a special constable at Maitland (all these places are fresh in the memory of our returned soldiers), and Hendrik Johannes van Eyssen deposed to finding the body as stated by Franks.

"The next witness was Elizabeth Milne, the widow, appropriately dressed in black, a tall woman, who, when her teeth had been in a little better order, must have been decidedly good-looking. She deposed:

"'I have been married fourteen years to the deceased, and we have lived happily together, *with the exception of an occasional quarrel.*'"

It is, or used to be, the fashion to say that they do things better in France. Why, the fact is that the French are copying us in many ways! Do you really think that the better class people on the other side of the Channel do not highly esteem the sanctity of the average British domestic hearth? All the romance about the crime passionel is romance, and very little else. The Germans indignantly say "Sau!" to a female who is unfaithful to her marriage-vows. The French have adopted the word "Vache," which is the literal translation of an English word which rhymes with "Sau" (when pronounced as Germans say it), and they apply the word in the sense that its English equivalent is use by the working-classes when they are speaking of a woman who has earned their odium and their contempt. Elizabeth Milne was allowed to go on lying, and to try to persuade Mr. Phillpott that some Kaffirs had killed her husband. The woman's story and the woman's self had been common enough all over Cape Town during the whole of the time that the unfortunate Corporal Fotherington James Milne, of the Royal Engineers, had been serving his twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour at the Breakwater Prison for shooting a paramour of his wife's. Charles Dibdin sang of a waterman (name not mentioned) who went to sea to fight for King and country:

At last it pleased his Majesty
To give peace to the Nation,
And honest hearts from Foreign Parts
Came home for consolation.
Like lightning—for I felt new life,
Now safe from War's alarms—
I rushed and found my friend and wife
Locked in each other's arms.
Yet fancy not I bore my lot
Tame like a lubber! No!
For, seeing I was finely tricked,
Plump to the Devil I boldly kicked
My Poll and my Partner Joe,
My Poll and my Partner Joe;
Plump to the Devil I boldly kicked
My Poll and my Partner Joe.

Alas! such a pacific course of action was out of the question in the case of gallant Corporal Milne. His wife was on the married roll of his company. There would have been delay in turning his wife out of barracks, and divorce proceedings were slow and costly. What a pity it was that Corporal Milne had not got his bayonet fixed on his Martini-Henry rifle that eventful evening when he was returning from a target-shooting competition against the Volunteers! Nay, what a pity he brought a cartridge home with him! Had he knocked the villain's brains out with the butt-end of his rifle, Corporal Milne might have been alive to this day, possibly enjoying a warrant-officer's pension. But ill-luck would have it that he must shove a ball-cartridge into the breech of his rifle and shoot the man dead. The deliberation involved in the loading of the rifle made the shooting felonious, and it depended upon how the judge would put it to the jury whether they should decide it to be wilful murder or not.

"With the exception of an occasional quarrel"! The words send our thoughts back to our Latin grammar, which tells us that the term for "understating" a fact is "Litoles" or "Meiosis." Poor Corporal Milne! A brilliant career in Her Majesty's service utterly ruined! No doubt the engineering staff at the Breakwater works found a profitable way of employing Milne's signal abilities. But consider the disgrace of it! Prison clothes, a black man in bed on each side of him as he slept at night! For, to tell the truth, all the illicit diamond buyers from Griqualand West were sent down to the Breakwater Prison, and it was found desirable to make the prisoners' lot rather a less happy one than it had formerly been. One thing they grumbled about sadly. It was that they were not allowed any socks. But to a man of Milne's temperament all trifles of that sort would be as nothing compared with the publicity of being a convict. Every mail steamer that arrived or left saw hundreds of people come to the docks, and these would catch a glimpse of convicts at their "hard labour" or in their hours of rest. Two hours' siesta they were allowed in which to eat their decidedly liberal prison diet, or even to catch "mushbunkers," a kind of grey mullet, which were often biting very freely in the neighbourhood of the Breakwater piles. At this time, too, they might get a little news of the outer world, for everybody who had a pal in gaol used to make a point of writing a chalk message in a place where it would be sure to catch somebody's eye. "Conky Bill Rogers died at 4 a.m. on Thursday. Funeral leaves Stigant's Coffin Shop at 2 p.m. on Saturday." That news did not interest Corporal Milne. He was thoroughly ashamed of having to herd—he did not "associate"—with Conky Bill Rogers's chums at all. Still, a twelve months' sentence comes to an end in time.

While Milne had been in prison there had been raging in Cape Town one of the worst epidemics of small-pox that the world ever saw. The 91st Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, who had been stationed at the barracks (which once were the old Slave Market) were moved to Wynberg. So were the Royal Artillery from the Castle; the general went to live at the "Vineyard" at Rondebosch; Sir Hercules Robinson remained for some time at Government House, but eventually went to Wynberg. There was a Quarantine Railway carriage for orderlies travelling on duty between Cape Town and Wynberg, and sanitary regulations were so effectively carried out that there was little or no mortality among the troops. But the black population and the Malays died by the hundred. Sheikh Abdol Burns, the head of the Mahommedan fraternity, came in for much abuse. "Abdol Burns, and it is quite right that he should," was a Cape jokelet that anticipated a species of witticism that was very much with us a short time back. The Mahommedans were particular in enforcing their burial rites, and these, it was thought, propagated "the pockies," as small-pox was termed locally. Renskie's Farm—that is to say, a suitable portion of it—was taken by the Municipality of Cape Town as a small-pox camp, and, in spite of the epidemic being nearly stamped out at the time of Corporal Milne's release from prison, there had been such intense sympathy for the poor fellow that he was posted there as a caretaker. The woman who, at her marriage, swore to love, honour, and obey him, reiterated her vows. There were children to be considered, and, without taking too rosy a view of the situation, one might fairly hope that things would turn out all right.

Mrs. Milne stated that on the last Saturday in the old year her husband had driven to Cape Town with her son, Willie, and her cousin, Alfred Franks. "The latter returned alone. After supper I went to see my servant, Anna, and returned with her and a Kaffir, whom I do not know. My husband spoke to the Kaffir, and desired me to give him some brandy, which I did. I subsequently retired to bed

with my daughter, Jessie, and my youngest son, John, leaving my husband lying on a sofa on the stoep." ("Stoep," pronounced "stoop," means "verandah.") "Franks and the eldest boy, Willie, also went to bed. About five in the morning Willie aroused me by saying that his father was dead. I went with him into the sitting-room, and found the place all disarranged and my husband dead, kneeling on the floor in a pool of blood, and leaning against a cane-bottomed chair. He had been to Cape Town to get his pay, and had purchased groceries, as it was his intention to take the family out on a picnic. His money was not taken out of his pockets, but a massive gold ring is missing from one of his fingers."

Now comes the "cousin." Alfred Franks deposed: "I am a shipping agent, and was spending the Christmas holidays at deceased's house, his wife being my cousin. I went into Cape Town with him on Saturday, and returned to the farm before he arrived. After supper deceased lay down on the stoep, and while there I heard him talking to a Kaffir wanted to beat her. She sat down for a short time, and then returned home. She wished to be accompanied by my father, as she was afraid of being ill-treated. But as my father was slightly intoxicated, my mother objected, and he remained behind. I then went home with her, accompanied by Johannes Arends and a little girl. When we arrived at the house I saw deceased sitting on the stoep. He was not angry, but was talking to his daughter, Jessie. We went away shortly afterwards, but before we left Mrs. Milne gave deceased and Johannes some brandy. I heard some talk between the men about a horse, and Jessie speak about a little goat. Johannes said he would see about getting a lamb for her. When we left deceased was still on the stoep. About 6 a.m. next morning Mrs. Milne came to our place, and said her husband was dead. She also said that Franks had gone for the police. Johannes slept at our house that night, and left at daybreak on the following morning. While we were at deceased's house some person knocked at the door with a stone or some hard substance. Mrs. Milne

KNEELING ON THE FLOOR IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

about a foal. I was awakened in the morning by Willie and his mother, and from what they said I went into the sitting-room and found deceased in a pool of blood. I noticed that the furniture in the room was tumbled about, but heard no unusual noise during the night. Deceased was slightly in liquor on the previous evening, but not drunk, and his conversation with the Kaffir did not appear to be of a disagreeable nature."

Now came the victim's son, William James Milne, aged thirteen. This boy had paid £4 10s. for the ring which his father had been wearing, the son having saved that amount of money out of his wages. He declared that Franks went to sleep before he did, and that Franks was always in bed during the many times that he (the boy) woke up during the night. "When I saw my father dead I aroused my mother, and, subsequently, Franks. The latter almost immediately started for Salt River to report the matter to the police."

Leentje Booys gave evidence: "I live near Renskie's Farm, and shortly after dark on Saturday last Mrs. Milne came running to my mother's house, and said her husband went out and asked deceased who it was, and he replied that he did not know."

Leah Antonie having given corroborative evidence, his worship adjourned the inquest until the following Saturday.

And now we must remark that, though Christmas only comes once a year, it is followed by the New Year's festivities, and in British South Africa that is "very much so." If Christmas Day comes on a Monday, a Tuesday, or a Wednesday, there is a total cessation of work from the Saturday until the Thursday morning. If it comes in the latter half of the week, work stops on the Wednesday night and recommences on Monday morning. And in the week following there is the New Year's holiday, lasting exactly the same length of time. The South African thirst is perennial, but when the "Compliments of the Season" are wished to all and sundry at the midsummer season of the year, at which Christmas comes in the southern hemisphere, why, men are hardly accountable for their actions. A life of nothing-to-do seems to have made Corporal Milne become a man who would be very likely to succumb to self-indulgence in a country where "sherry" costs threepence a bottle and

"Cape smoke," otherwise "Cape brandy," only costs about six shillings a gallon. Christmas inflicted a coup de grâce on his temperance principles.

At the adjourned inquest Dr. Francis John Parsons, who made the post-mortem examination, declared that the wounds could not have been self-inflicted.

Johannes Arends corroborated the story about some mysterious knock at the front door, when deceased was sitting on the stoep. Milne had been asked had he done the knocking, and he had denied having knocked. Deceased appeared to be sober, and refused some wine when offered it by Mrs. Milne.

Jessie Milne, aged nine, declared that she slept with her arms round her mother's neck, and that Johnny Milne, aged seven, slept in the same bed, on the other side of her mother, who never got up during the night.

Johanna Boyce deposed: "I am the wife of Booy Boyce, and reside at Renskie's Farm. On Saturday evening, just after dark, Mrs. Milne came to my house and began to cry. She then said she wished she could get someone to give her husband a thrashing, as he was always beating her. Lena and Johannes and a little adopted daughter of mine, named Leah, accompanied her as far as her home. They remained about an hour. Johannes slept at my house that night, and left with my husband the next day, about sunrise. After he left, Mrs. Milne came and told me her husband was dead, and that Willie had found him dead when he opened the door. She was not crying when she first came to tell me deceased was dead, but she began to cry afterwards."

This closed the inquest, the magistrate returning a verdict of "Found murdered." They have no "coroner's juries" in South Africa. Indeed, they have no "grand juries," the sort of work done by them at home being performed in Cape Colony by the Attorney-General. It speaks highly for our Colonies' legal officials to say that single individuals can be trusted to decide whether there be a prima facie case against a prisoner sufficient to send to a jury. A corrupt Attorney-General might easily earn bribes by deciding that there was no "true bill" against such prisoners as were willing and able to make it worth his while so to do.

But on January 22 a preliminary examination was commenced against Alfred Franks and Elizabeth Milne, charged with murdering Fotherington James Milne at Renskie's Farm. The Chief of the Police in those days was Mr. Bernard Vidal Shaw, the son of Captain Shaw, of Fire Brigade fame, and he was assisted by P.C. No. 44, Martin by name. The strangest part of all was that the first witness to be sworn was the female prisoner. The "Cape Argus" was exceedingly indignant that she should be certain to escape scot free, even from the consequences of having been an accessory after the fact. The witness stated: "I am the widow of Fotherington James Milne. I know the prisoner, who has always been called my cousin, but he is *no relation of mine whatever.* I first made his acquaintance about six months ago, and I have been intimate with him ever since. The deceased, my husband, has often scolded me for being too intimate with the prisoner. The prisoner used occasionally to come and stay with us. About two months ago my husband had authority to sell (? Surely not to *sell!*) and burn Government mattresses which belong to the hospital, and my husband then gave the prisoner several to sell on his own account in Cape Town, which the prisoner did. But when he was asked for the proceeds he declared he never had sold them. Ever since then he and my husband were on unfriendly terms. Still, my husband asked him for the Christmas holidays to Renskie's Farm."

A lot of irrelevant evidence followed. At last the husband is said to have told his wife to take the children and go to bed. "I did so, and my husband followed and smacked me, without saying anything to me. He held me tightly by the right wrist, and pulled me violently from my bedroom through the dining-room, and knocked at the door of the sitting-room, which is exactly opposite my bedroom. He called the prisoner out, still holding me by the wrist. As prisoner would not open the door, he forced it open, and, pulling me into the room, said to the prisoner, 'There is Mrs. Milne; take her,' at the same time pushing me towards the prisoner. My husband again smacked me in the face and made a rush for the prisoner. They struggled together, and I ran out of the room. My son, William, was in the room at the time. I ran over towards Mr. Boyce's house with little Jessie and Johnny, and when I got half-way prisoner came up and caught hold of me, saying, 'I have done for your husband.' I replied, 'For God's sake, what have you done?' Prisoner said, 'I have stabbed him. I don't know if he is alive or dead.' I told prisoner I would give him in charge, whereupon he said, if I did, he would serve me the same. We went back to the house, but prisoner would not allow us to go in, and took myself and two children down to an empty hut, where we remained until morning. After I was arrested I told the Commissioner of Police what I have stated now. Prisoner has been in my company ever since my husband's death. I was afraid of him, and could not free myself from him. During this later period he has constantly threatened me that if I said a word he would serve me the same as he served my husband. I did not return to the tin hut again, neither have I seen the knife prisoner had since."

The prisoner was then personally cross-examined, and the case was adjourned.

At the next appearance the prisoner complained of having been handcuffed to a common criminal as he was being marched to the court. The magistrate said that if he wished to have a conveyance between the prison and the court he might have one at his own expense.

William James Milne, the thirteen-year-old boy, it turned out, had been an eye-witness of the murder, and he and his brother and sister had been lying at the first inquiry.

And there was a heap of evidence incriminating "Franks," whose real name was "Alfred Frank Tobias," ending in his being fully committed for trial on February 7.

The case was tried on May 7 before Mr. Justice Dwyer. Mr. Solomon appeared for the Crown, Mr. Innes defended the accused.

Mrs. Milne in the course of her evidence said she had been kept in solitary confinement in the House of Correction for five weeks, and had been locked up for two months.

The Learned Judge: "It is a most extraordinary system to shut up witnesses for the Crown and for the defence in the same gaol as the prisoner. In one case I know the prisoner and witnesses were all locked up together."

Mr. Solomon: "I will prove that in this case they were all kept apart."

The Learned Judge: "I know they were kept apart. It seems a strange thing, keeping witnesses for the Crown, who, perhaps, could find bail, locked up. In the case of a Hottentot I can understand it, but I cannot in the case of people who can give bail."

In cross-examination by Mr. Innes, witness denied that she was a violent-tempered woman, or that she had ever offered one of the witnesses half-a-sovereign if she would get rid of her husband for her.

The Learned Judge: "Is that the tariff for getting rid of husbands in Cape Town?"

Mr. Innes: "That is the value set on her husband by Mrs. Milne."

After some more evidence, Judge Dwyer wanted the witness to be released from custody. Mr. Solomon said that the judge might order her release, but unless he did so he should keep her in custody in the interests of the prisoner.

There was considerable wrangling between judge and counsel. Eventually, after a two-day trial, the jury disagreed, six being for a verdict of culpable homicide and three for wilful murder.

The case was tried before another jury, by the same judge, on May 12.

The jury on this second occasion were named: Christian Freak Cazer, Jno. Nixon, James Robert Conway, Robert Longlands, Charles Prince, Jno. Irish, Benjamin Gersbach, Charles Geo. Elliott.

There is a hymn which says:

> I thank the goodness and the grace
> Which on my birth have smiled,
> And made me in this Christian land
> A happy English child.

and the singer is made to give thanks that he is not a "heathen or a Jew." Now, Mr. Alfred Frank Tobias had great reason to congratulate himself that he had at least one co-religionist on that jury. The Cape Caledonian Society does a good deal for a young Scotsman in South Africa, but a Cape sheeny does heaps more for a brother Yid. The gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion that was on that jury was most demonstrative whenever any point in favour of the prisoner was brought forward. He would turn half-left about, and gesticulate with his hands in a most impressive way, as much as to say, "Is it not as plain as a pike-staff that Franks is a much ill-used individual?" And then, Judge Dwyer had a Colonial reputation as being a non-hanging judge. People tell stories of prisoners who are credited with having said that they would prefer being sentenced to death by Sir Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton, as he is now) to being awarded a term of penal servitude by a "journeyman judge." That must be nonsense. But this

is a certainty: had a poll been taken among the criminal classes of the Western Province of Cape Colony in those days, the palm for popularity would have been bestowed on Judge Dwyer, the queer little round-faced, florid-complexioned Irishman who, when not administering justice in the most gentlemanly manner conceivable, or entertaining his friends to sumptuous mid-day Sunday dinners, would prevent them from getting drowsy by treating them to a little chamber music, his honour performing on the cornet. Judge Dwyer would never sentence people to death when the principal thing proved against them was that their sense of domestic virtue was conspicuous by its absence, though there have been judges who have had no sense of proportion, and who would sum up dead against anybody whose morals were at all free.

The judge during the trial was constantly ejaculating, "Do you want to hang the man?" He would not accept the definition of homicide given by Sir James Stephen. "That's not law. I really cannot allow you to go on laying down propositions of that sort."

Mr. Solomon: "I am quoting from Mr. Justice Stephen."

"He said he'd serve me the same."

The Learned Judge: "Then I must take the law into my own hands."

Mr. Solomon: "I will quote from Archibald, who is just as great an authority."

The Learned Judge: "I say it is not law applicable to this case. I will explain to the jury now what the law is: If a blow is inflicted in the heat of passion, under great provocation, and that causes death, the provocation and the heat of passion which takes away the power of consideration at the time—that reduces the offence from murder to manslaughter. If the learned counsel quotes books from this to the end of the month, he cannot lay down anything else, and that is the principle laid down by Mr. Baron Parkes."

In his summing up the judge declared that the evidence, other than that of Mrs. Milne, was consistent with the fact that Mrs. Milne struck the fatal blow, and that the prisoner's subsequent conduct was simply to screen her. The evidence certainly showed that the parties implicated were immoral to a degree. If they believed Mrs. Milne, they must convict the prisoner—of murder or of culpable homicide, according to their best judgment.

The jury at half-past six retired to consider their verdict, and returned at seven, announcing that they had found the prisoner "guilty of culpable homicide." (Slight applause.)

The Learned Judge: "A very proper verdict, gentlemen. Prisoner, you have been found guilty on very clear evidence of causing the death of this man, and the jury have, very properly, taken into consideration, I have no doubt, the great provocation which you received. At the same time I must pass on you a very severe sentence, because you have caused the death of a man; a little consideration on your part, and a little forbearance, perhaps, and he might be living now. The sentence of the Court is that you be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for seven years."

Nineteen years have elapsed since this trial. Judge Dwyer was rather laughed at in those days. Really, when we come to look at the matter with older heads on our shoulders than we had then, it strikes us that Judge Dwyer was a very level-headed judge indeed. There was no playing to the gallery with him. He may occasionally have constituted himself judge and jury combined. If getting his own way was a sign of strength, Judge Dwyer was a strong judge.

A great many readers may feel surprised when they learn that there is not one uniform code of laws all through the British Empire. But there is not. For instance, certain tribes in South Africa are allowed polygamy, a practice which Mr. Chamberlain proposes to stamp out by imposing a tax on every wife exceeding one. The Criminal Law of Cape Colony is that known as Roman-Dutch law, and so is the "equity" of South Africa. Capital punishment is not often inflicted. Indeed, a short time before this case, the hangman got the sack for making a great mess of it in executing one Leppan, who had flogged his wife to death. Somehow or other, the noose, instead of gripping Leppan's neck, got into his mouth, and he was suspended in a state of agony for twenty minutes! A new hangman was advertised for. He would be expected to "devote his whole time to his duties," a South African way of saying that he would not be allowed to accept any other definite employment. Even had Franks been sentenced to death, there was such nervousness as to the abilities of the unknown quantity, the new hangman, that the sentence would never have been enforced.

Reading all this history carefully through, we cannot help wondering what on earth was in Mrs. Milne's head when she told the story about the massive gold ring not being forthcoming. No man would commit a murder for the purpose of stealing a ring, and yet leave the victim's money in his clothes. That ring incident is a difficult puzzle.

Oriental Punishments.

From the series of tortures which have been presented to our readers an idea may be formed of the ingenuity man displays when he wishes to inflict suffering on his fellows. Fortunately, to-day torture scarcely can be said to exist, but some of the punishments which are still to be found in the codes in vogue in the East fall little short of torture. The bastinado, for instance, is a brutal institution which obtains in Turkey and Persia. It consists of inflicting a certain number of blows on the soles of the feet, or, the more usual sentence, breaking so many rods on the soles of the malefactor. Only recently a criminal was ordered to have two thousand sticks broken on his feet, and as even the most skilful executioner—or ferash, as he is called—cannot fracture the canes used with less than four blows, the poor native must have received at least eight thousand stripes. This would maim a European for life, if, indeed, he did not die before the last stripe was given, but the hardy Oriental has feet with soles like thick leather, and after a day or two's rest seems to have recovered completely. Maiming is still in force in the Ottoman Empire, but it is reserved almost exclusively for professional thieves. For the first offence one joint of a finger is cut off, and, should this not act as a deterrent, the second capture ensures the hand being amputated. Occasionally the tendon of the leg is severed, the idea being to prevent the thief from running away in future and so hindering him from plying his nefarious trade. One may still meet Turks and Persians whose ears have been clipped off, but this mode of punishment is going out of fashion.

Doctor N——, having printed two heavy volumes, containing the natural history of Worcestershire, Dr. Barton remarked to him that his publication was, in several particulars, very incorrect; and when the doctor defended his volumes, his critic replied, "Pray, Doctor N——, are you not a Justice of the Peace?" "I am, sir," was the reply. "Why, then, sir, I would advise you to send your work to the same place as you send your vagrants—to the House of Correction."

THE WAYS OF THE CRIMINAL

IV.—MORE TRICKS OF THE SHOP-LIFTER.

UMBRELLAS also have served the thief, but no up-to-date shop-lifter now cares to trust to the device. On a rainy day it was too risky, and the British climate is so variable that the thief is unable to trust it. More than one shop-lifter owes his or her detection to the fact that they have left the scene of their "labours" during a heavy storm of rain, and owing to the fact that the stolen articles reposed in their "brolly" were unable to raise it and protect themselves from the wet.

The umbrella operator—the trick, we may remark, is not yet quite obsolete—is, and was, generally a woman well-

The Umbrella Trick.

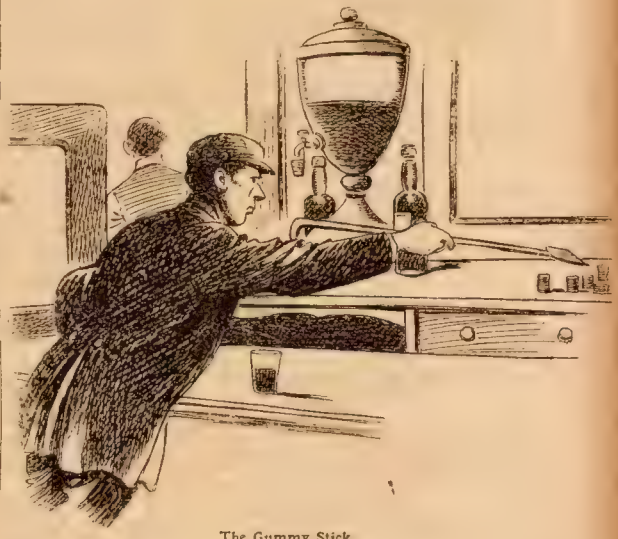
dressed and with an air of demure respectability which absolutely forbade suspicion. The shops of jewellers and high-class chemists were her favourite haunts. In the latter's establishments great varieties of articles are displayed on the counters, and the method adopted was to slip whatever was within easy reach into the folds of the umbrella, which was left partly open for the purpose. This was a simple enough task when the thief was the only person in the shop and the chemist was behind a screen compounding a prescription.

There are, too, umbrella thieves of another kind, who enter a shop on a wet day, purchase a trifling article, and as they leave select an umbrella standing in a rack near the counter, and as they step into the street coolly raise it and march off.

For the most part we have been dealing with the swell-dom of shop-lifters. Now we will turn to the meaner specimens of the class—people who are every bit as ingenious, but whose ambition does not soar to the same heights as those of their companions in crime.

An astute detective in the North of London the other day himself witnessed an exceptionally smart trick. It was worked by two men, both of whom did "time" as a result. The scene was a busy thoroughfare. Outside an oilshop stood a stack of iron pails, and the two thieves, who were "down on their luck," saw an opening for raising the wind. The pails were secured to the wall by a thin cord, and the two men, after a brief consultation, separated. One crossed to the other side of the road, whilst the other turned back, quickly cut the cord, and over toppled the pails with a resounding clatter. The noise brought out the oilman and his assistant, and whilst they were busily engaged picking up the buckets and replacing them in their original position, the first thief crossed the road and entered the shop, which was then being looked after by a lad. Asking the boy for some methylated spirits, which the thief knew was kept in the cellar or an outhouse, the thief waited until he had disappeared, and then helping himself to the contents of the till, he in his turn commenced to make himself scarce. But the detective was waiting at the door, and it was a case of the thief's labour lost.

Till robberies are not, however, nearly so numerous as they were some years ago. Mechanical and recording tills have largely ousted the old-fashioned drawers in the counter, whilst cash desks have similarly lessened the opportunities for stealing. Thieves of this class have, therefore, to confine their operations to small shops and public-houses, where it is still the practice to place the money within easy reach of any



The Gummy Stick.

thief who has a mind to take it. It is in licensed houses that the till robber gets most of his chances. Many landlords keep the gold coins taken during the day in a glass on a shelf in the bar, whilst others place it on a wooden slab in full view of all their customers. To reach this money thieves have invented two clever appliances. The first is known as the "gummy stick," and those of our readers who keep an eye on the police reports in the daily press will remember that the instrument is often mentioned to the magistrates. To an ordinary walking-stick is fitted, by the aid of a ferrule, a piece of flat leather. This is smeared with some adhesive substance, and when not in use is enclosed in a case and securely hidden in the thief's pocket. When the opportunity for a theft arises, the thief has only to attach the leather to his walking-stick, reach over the bar and press the sticky part upon the coins, and there you are. The second instrument is used to lift the glass containing the gold and carry it bodily over the bar. It consists of a horseshoe fork, the

prongs of which are well padded with leather so that when it comes into contact with the glass no noise will be made. The fork is attached to the stick in the same way as the piece of leather already described.

When a thief works in this way, time and opportunity are material considerations, and as a rule it is necessary for the "operator" to have a confederate. There are endless dodges to which the expert thief resorts. The confederate always works in the bar farthest away from that in which his "pal" is engaged. Sometimes he gets up an altercation with the barman, or if the person in charge of the bar happens to be a young woman, he proceeds to carry on a warm flirtation. At other times he will get up a fight at the door so that everyone's attention will be attracted to him; whilst another dodge is to break one of the small windows in the bar door, and when the members of the staff come out and threaten proceedings, the confederate apologises profusely and offers to make good the damage. As a rule the thieves make a careful inspection of the house to be robbed before

The "Fishing Rod" Trick.

they commence operations, and they select the part of the day when there is the least business doing, and when the bar is left in charge of only one person. One man who practised this theft had a confederate, a smart young fellow, who dressed himself in the height of fashion, with an eyeglass, button-hole, etc., and who made irresistible love to the barmaids in the houses operated on.

A shopkeeper in a provincial town some little time ago was smartly robbed of the money in his till. The shop in question was that of a poultry and game dealer, and, as usual, the goods were displayed in the open window. It was dinner-time, when customers were scarce and the premises were in charge of one assistant. That young man was considerably astonished when he saw a youth approach and deliberately "lift" a duck from the slab and make off with it. Immediately the assistant, with no thought of the till or of the presence of other thieves, gave chase. Within a couple of seconds the youth's confederate was inside the shop, the contents of the till were transferred to his pocket, and he vanished as quickly as he had come. The boy, after running a couple of hundred yards or so, threw down the duck, the assistant stopped to pick it up, and the boy also disappeared.

When the shopman got back and found what had happened to the till, his face was a study.

Only a few months ago a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man, leading a beautiful boy some five years of age, entered a jeweller's shop in Broadway, New York, and asked the price of a handsome gold bracelet; it was $125. The gentleman examined and finally bought the article and put it into his pocket. He then took out a large purse, full of shining pieces, and opened it. At that moment he suddenly exclaimed, with a look of alarm, "Why! where is Charley?" and, dashing the plump purse on the counter, he rushed from the store, in frantic search of his boy who had disappeared. The clerk awaited the gentleman's return for some time, with the purse lying where he had cast it down in his excitement. No fear of trickery was entertained, as the purse evidently contained money amounting to twice the value of the bracelet. But when hour after hour passed without the gentleman's return, and it was found that the purse only contained brass medals, the size of half-eagles, the clerk and his master both came to the conclusion that their customer was a slippery one, and that his innocent-looking boy was not being brought up in the way he should go.

Dogs have been trained, it is said, to steal articles from shop counters, but so far these intelligent canines have only appeared in Paris. Scotland Yard men have no official knowledge of them.

But the men at the Yard know most of the tricks we have described; they also know a good many of the operators, and they are always on the lookout for some new trick. And, as shopkeepers will tell you if you inquire, the number and value of the articles stolen during the course of a year, compared with the number of people arrested for this class of crime, show that in the battle of wits the detective is more often than not defeated by the criminal.

PICKPOCKETS AND HOW THEY SECURE THEIR PLUNDER.

"Prisoner, whilst being an expert pickpocket himself, is also a trainer of young thieves," said a detective in a case at Clerkenwell Sessions a few months ago. The judge expressed surprise and the officer proceeded to tell his lordship of the methods of the man whom the jury had just convicted. The prisoner, only just over thirty years of age, keen of sight and light of hand, stood carelessly in the dock and smiled as the "'tec" laid bare the secrets of his life. He was something of a philosopher, and looked upon the "stretch" which he was certain would be his portion as a very ordinary incident of his daily life. And the detective in his explanation told how the prisoner made use of his sweetheart in order to train young pickpockets in the way they should go. The judge learned that the girl was made to walk across the room, and the "pupils" were ordered to take various articles from her pocket and person without giving her a suspicion that she had lost anything.

Whilst the lesson was in progress the girl was blindfolded, so that she could not see the approach of the thief's apprentice. She also wore a specially-devised dress, in which there were numerous pockets. Her jacket covered a tight-fitting masculine waistcoat with tight pockets. A massive chain (stolen) adorned the vest, whilst attached to it was a "red 'un" (gold watch), also obtained "on the cross." In the breast-pocket of the coat was a fat wallet, stuffed with paper, which gave forth a crackling sound. Another pocket contained loose coins, whilst still another held a purse.

Upon her pockets the pupil thief practised, until, in the opinion of the professor, he was able to go out into the street and thieve in earnest. The tasks set the learners were particularly difficult, for the pockets were made extra tight, and the "touch" had to be of the lightest. Day in and day out the pupils were put through their facings, and eventually, when they were sufficiently expert, they were sent out into the streets to bring grist to the "professor's" mill. This modern Fagin will have no more pupils for a few years, for he is now serving a lengthy period of penal servitude. Doubtless, too, he will lose his "touch," for work in the quarries at Portland plays havoc with the hands both of forgers and pickpockets.

The writer was discussing the case with several detectives, including a well-known officer from New York, who was in London on special service. The latter was much interested, and during the conversation he said, "I wonder if the man just sentenced copied the idea from a 'coach' we had in New York a year or so ago? This man," went on the American 'tec, "built a lay figure. It was a most ingenious 'dummy,' all springs and bells, and the lightest touch set it swinging and jangling. To the hat and hands clusters of bells were attached, the body and legs were of indiarubber, and flexible springs fastened the figure to the stand upon which it was placed." For the figure the American Fagin had several costumes specially made. One dress was that of the regular Fifth Avenue dude, another was that of "Mr. Hayseed from Wayback" (the American officer's description of a farmer up from the country), "gripsack" and all. Another suit turned the figure into a portly city gentleman, whilst with two female's dresses the young thieves were able to practise upon the up-to-date young lady of fashion or the nervous old lady with umbrella and reticule often seen in the streets standing on the kerbstone waiting for the traffic to slacken down.

Thus there were all sorts and conditions of persons for the young idea to experiment on, and when the "school" was in full swing valuable prizes were offered for the most proficient pupil. Thus, in the "dude's" pocket would be placed a sum of money, which would become the property of the "scholar" who could remove it without ringing a bell or causing the figure to sway. Watches and chains were used in the lessons, whilst to the old farmer's bag bells were attached, and the youngsters were taught how to open the

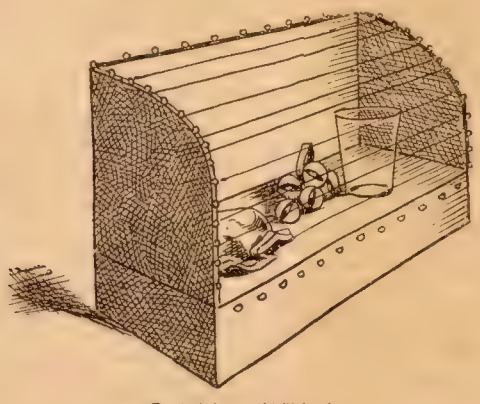
receptacle and extract the contents without causing the least disturbance.

A dummy "Dude" for home training.

The inventor of this ingenious contrivance is now, we believe, in New York's famous penitentiary, "Sing-Sing," and there he will stay for many a day as a reward for his astuteness.

Doubtless he had taken his idea from Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," in which our readers may remember there is a description of the lay figures upon which the beggars of Paris used to practise the light-fingered art.

Our artist has sketched another implement which has been used by a trainer of thieves. Across the top and front of the box shown in the illustration pieces of very delicate cotton are stretched. Inside the box are various articles—pocket-



For training a thief's hand.

books, watches, purses, and loose money. It is the pupil's endeavour to "lift" these articles without breaking a piece of cotton, a difficult task which only the most expert can accomplish with any degree of success.

From this it may be gathered that the chief attributes of a pickpocket are lightness of touch and exceptionally dexterous fingers. He must also be a man of quick decision, for a golden opportunity for a haul vanishes in a moment, whilst he must always keep his eyes open for the alert detective, or else he will quickly find himself laid by the heels.

Pickpockets take great care of their hands, and as a rule cultivate a long thumb nail, the use of which will be explained later on. Most pickpockets have long, slim fingers—so have most artists, so that our readers whose hands answer the description need not fear that the possession of such fingers will impel them to a life of crime. It is the mind which controls the fingers, and it is an artistic sense of a criminal bent which helps the pickpocket on his nefarious way. He is undoubtedly an artist in crime. It does not pay him to bungle. Mistakes lead to detection, and long terms of imprisonment follow. The hard labour in gaol ruins his hands, and a recent writer on prison life has stated that criminals of this kind if they know the ropes more often than not put themselves down as tailors, the lightest work convicts are called upon to do. If by ill-luck they have to do the rougher kind of labour, they go to any length to keep their hands pliable. They will rub their arms or legs against the stone wall, raise a painful sore, and apply to the doctor for vaseline; and, having obtained this, they use the greater part on their hands in an endeavour to keep them smooth and supple. Thus, when they regain their freedom, they are ready to commence work again.

A crook's "mauley" (observe the long thumb nail).

There is practically no end to the number and variety of the tricks of the smart pickpocket. He is a close student of the morning papers, or at least of those columns of the great dailies which give the future engagements of the fashionable world.

If the King opens Parliament the pickpocket, if he is not in prison, goes as well, but not out of loyalty or for sight-seeing purposes. He goes with an eye and hand to business, and, to judge from the police reports of lost watches, purses, etc., after an event of this kind, he is pretty successful. If there is a society wedding the pickpocket takes care to be there, sometimes in clerical garb, whilst he is a regular member of the crowds which assemble outside Buckingham Palace when the King "gives a party" and everybody of importance in the country is invited. In Cattle Show week he is a keen student of fat stock.

On occasions of this sort the pickpocket has his crowd prepared for him. A large gathering of people is essential to his success, for then his movements, however suspicious they may be, are covered by the crowd, and he can "work" away with impunity.

Pickpockets, it may at once be said, rarely work single-handed. As a rule two, often three, and on occasion four, men operate together. The most expert of the "gang" does the actual thieving, the others acting one as a look-out to "tip the office" if any policemen appear on the scene, the others as "covers" and receivers of the stolen property.

"It is," as an old pickpocket once said to the writer, "like chucking yourself into quod to work single-handed."

A Strange Scribe.

Not long ago, at the Central Criminal Court, a burly witness was asked what his trade was. Scratching his head with a huge horny fist, he told the court that he was "a penman." Astonished at this, the judge asked him what sort of penmanship he went in for. Several minutes were occupied in making the man understand the nature of the question, but he still persevered in his statement that he was "a penman." When it was found that he could not write the astonishment was greater, until at last, by dint of much word-splitting, the counsel extracted the answer from Hodge: "I pens sheep in the Caledonian Market."

THE MYSTERY OF MATTERIG.

An Awful Unsolved Tragedy of the Seashore.

"There is evil poured upon the earth
From the overflowings of corruption."
TUPPER, "Proverbial Philosophy."

THERE are few callings which have been surrounded with more romance, but which in themselves are more dreary, than that of a coastguardsman. The word conjures up mental pictures of desperate encounters with smugglers, of rescues of entrapped or kidnapped damsels, and of patient detective work under most adverse circumstances, but the reality is far different from this. One long round of watching the wild waves, one continuous march along deserted coasts, one prolonged battle against enforced monotony and loneliness. True, occasionally, some small episode may serve to relieve the dull routine, but for the most part it is as described.

Duty by day is bad enough, but the night watches are far worse. Thus at least thought Eugene Callaghan, a retired naval man, and in the year 1859 a coastguard at Ramsgate.

It was on Monday morning, April 11, 1859, that Coastguard Callaghan was pacing his lonely beat, trying to shut from his ears the roar of the surging waves, so that he might the more readily detect any sound of persons stirring, feeling certain that he would not do so, but hoping against hope. The sun was just rising through the mist which enveloped the shore, and Callaghan shivered as he marched slowly towards Dumpton Stairs, almost the end of his allotted piece of coast. He was walking on the foreshore, bounded on one side by the restless sea, and on the other by the white cliffs which in days long gone gave to this country the name of Albion. Higher and higher the sun rose, till at last it gained mastery over the fog, and objects at a distance became more distinctly visible.

As he neared the stairs, Eugene noticed a boat up on the beach. He knew that it was not there when he made his round in the small hours of the morning, and therefore he regarded it with suspicion, especially as he could not see anybody near it; so he went up to the craft and found it completely deserted. Oars, tackle, fittings, all had been taken out of the vessel, which was not even moored to the beach, and would assuredly be carried away by the tide, which was then rising, for it lay below the high-water mark.

There being nothing with which to secure the boat, the old sailor dragged it almost up to the cliff, to a place of safety.

As he turned to pursue his course, something white caught his eye, lying in the long fringe of wrack and seaweed which marks the progress of the incoming tide, and he approached to see what the strange object was.

Forty yards from the spot where the dingey had been lying, Callaghan was confronted with an awful spectacle. Lying on its back amidst the drift and weeds, the tribute of the sea, gently lapped by the ever-advancing waves, was the body of a man. His eyes were starting out of their sockets, and they glared at the officer with an unearthly look. The hair was already tangled with bits of weed, driven into it by the onward sweep of the wavelets. This Callaghan noticed, but a far more dreadful sight riveted his attention. In the white bosom was a deep, red gash, from which the ripples of the tide retreated blood-stained, only to advance pure to be again tainted. The life-blood of the man had obviously oozed—nay, rather gushed—from this gaping wound.

Stunned for an instant at this fearful evidence of a tragedy, the coastguard stood, his gaze held spellbound by the play of the waters on the body, which was stark naked. Then he roused himself to action, for, however horrible, duty had to be done. The body could not be left where it was, for in ten minutes it would be submerged, so he blew his whistle to attract the attention of his colleague, who was due to meet him several hundred yards farther on, and proceeded to examine the body as it lay, prior to removing it when help arrived.

A glance was enough to tell that the man was quite dead, and the corpse was perfectly cold. The left arm was tucked

A hand with four fingers hacked off.

under the body, which was lying on its back. Callaghan withdrew this, and was horrified to see that the hand had been cut off at the wrist, evidently by some sharp instrument. The remains were those of a man about thirty-five years of age, sturdily built and muscular. The staring eyes were blue, and the hair was of that yellow colour which betokens the Teuton. The face was clean shaven. He had noted thus far when his brother coastguard came up, and the two carried the body to a place of security. Callaghan then went on to examine the shore, while his comrade ran to obtain assistance from the police. Ten yards from the spot where the corpse had lain he found a pair of trousers, and at intervals from that he picked up a coat, waistcoat, and flannel shirt, each garment lying by itself, and every pocket turned inside out. Eighty yards further on a second shirt, with the wristbands cut off, was discovered, and then the finds became more gruesome. First one finger, then another, and so on till four had been recovered, were taken from the edge of the rising waters. Then a hand with four fingers hacked off was added to the ghastly collection, after which more articles of clothing were seen strewn on the beach, and a hatchet, the handle of which had lately been shortened, swelled the catalogue of relics.

About twenty yards from where the hatchet was picked up, but further inshore, Callaghan noticed a chalk rock, the upper surface of which was scarred with four marks, which

exactly corresponded with the length of the edge of the axe. Gathering together these gruesome treasures, the coastguard, and those who had come to join in the search, returned to the town mortuary, whither the corpse had been transported.

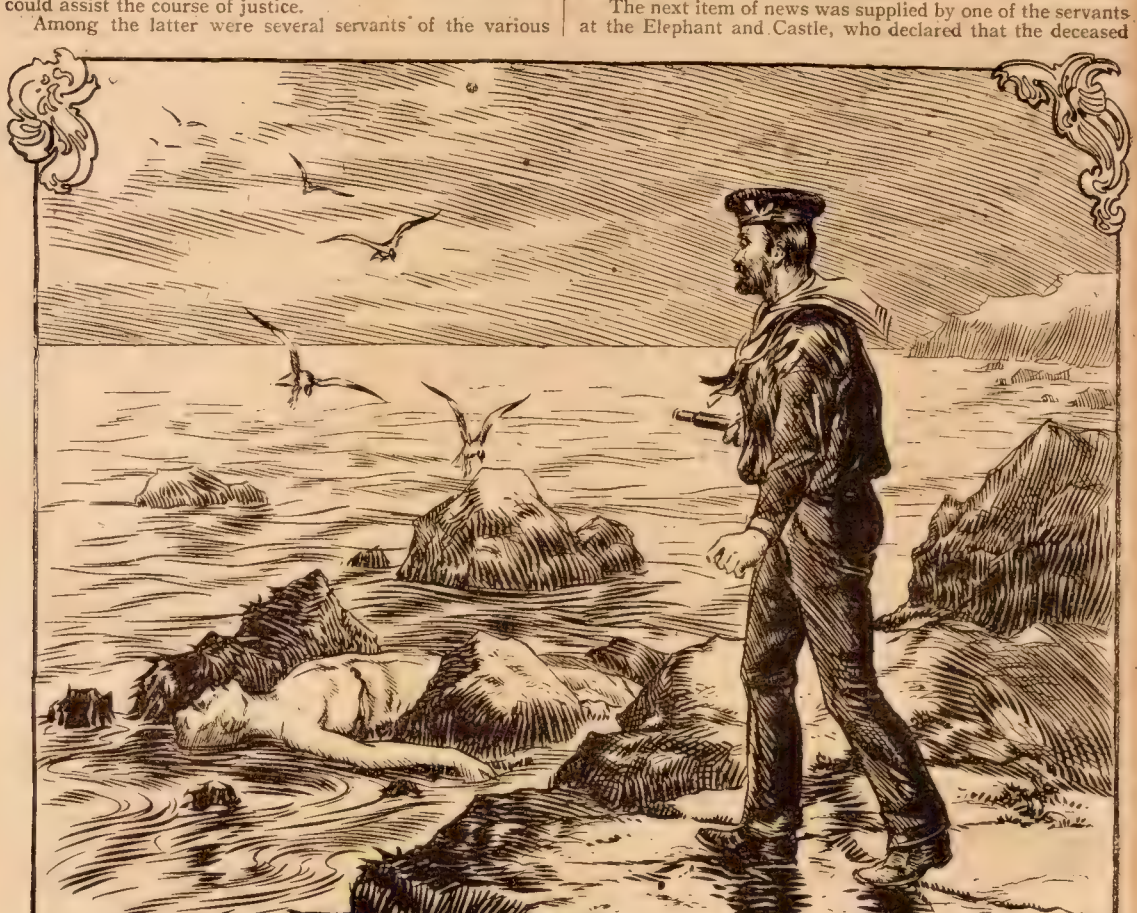
It is needless to say that by the time the good people of Ramsgate were opening their shops, the story of this terrible discovery was all over the town, and the police were busy trying to find someone who could identify the body. Many of the towns-folk hastened to the dead-house, most to gratify their morbid curiosity, but a few to see if they really could assist the course of justice.

Among the latter were several servants of the various hotels in the place, and at last one of these—a porter at the Royal Oak Hotel—declared that the poor fellow who was lying mutilated and dead on the stone slab had stayed at that hostelry on the Saturday night. He had arrived at about half-past ten in the morning and engaged a room for the day. He spoke to nobody except to give orders, and had left the building (after paying his bill) on Sunday morning, carrying with him a heavy carpet bag and an umbrella.

Meanwhile, police and coastguards had been very active. The former carefully examined the cliffs above the spot where the corpse had been discovered, and, after some little time, came across a place just above where the chalk rock was, and the edge of the cliff showed signs of a rope having worn into the soft stone as if something heavy had been lowered over the precipice at that point. From that mark they traced the impression of a heavy wheelbarrow on the ground, noting even where the legs had left holes when the barrow had been allowed to stand for an instant. These tracks led to the wall of Trinity Church, and there disappeared entirely. It was, therefore, supposed that the wheelbarrow was carried to that spot. Various rumours then began to circulate, but the police were very reticent. Later on Monday morning a couple of shirts were picked up at the corner of Royal Crescent wall, and these were found to be of exactly the same pattern as those found on the beach.

The coastguards were less successful in their searches, but a boatman picked up a couple of letters which were addressed to one Heinrich Matterig, and were written in Dutch, and also recovered from the sea an empty carpet bag which was identified by the porter at the Royal Oak as having been used by the victim.

The next item of news was supplied by one of the servants at the Elephant and Castle, who declared that the deceased had dined there on Sunday at about twelve and left later, carrying with him his carpet bag and umbrella.



CALLAGHAN WAS CONFRONTED WITH AN AWFUL SPECTACLE.

An inquest was opened in due course, and Dr. Curlen, who made the post-mortem examination, gave the following description of the body. The wound in the breast passed through the chest on the left-hand side; it penetrated the left lung and almost divided the heart. A curious feature of the injury was that it was much larger inside than outside, which showed that the knife had been twisted about after entry. Death must have been instantaneous.

When the severed hand and fingers were placed together it was seen that the first finger had been cut off between the first and second joints, and the second, third, and fourth fingers detached at the junction with the hand. It was also noted that the first finger had been previously amputated at the first joint and the second digit at the second joint, thus enabling the person to be identified. The hand had obviously been chopped off at the wrist, and on the back of the hand were three clean cuts.

Examination proved that the man had not been drugged,

but that he had been drinking pretty heavily. The stomach was full of food

The authorities said that there was no mark of any cuts on the clothes of the victim, and that accordingly he must have been stabbed after he had been stripped. The collar of the coat was torn in a couple of places, and showed signs of a struggle having taken place.

Other evidence went to show that Matterig had been seen at three o'clock entering a house of ill-fame, and that at six o'clock he had been met on the cliffs, looking dejected, with his hat slouched over his eyes, walking with his umbrella but without his bag. He had also been seen at the railway station earlier in the afternoon.

On this the body was buried and the inquest adjourned. Then the police continued to follow up their clues. They managed to establish the fact that Matterig had landed at Southampton, in March, from America, and was a Dutchman. On the 31st of March he went to London, and thence, on Thursday, the 7th of April, to Dover. A man was found who had travelled with him to Dover, and he said that the deceased had his left hand bandaged up, as if he had recently been injured. He also remembered that his fellow-passenger wore high top-boots into which his trousers were tucked. When he was shown the boots picked up on the shore he said that they were similar, but that the tops of them had been cut off. The porter at the Royal Oak also recognised them, and said that he had cleaned them on the Sunday morning.

From Dover, Matterig went to Ramsgate on the Saturday morning, and, going to a barber's shop, had his beard and moustache shaved off. The hairdresser gave him the name of the Royal Oak Hotel as a good one to stay at, and accordingly he went there.

Ramsgate seldom has much to talk about, and we may feel sure that gossiping tongues were busy enlarging this tragedy, but all were decided that the unfortunate Dutchman had been plied with drink, and that in that condition an attempt had been made to rob him. This he apparently resisted, as shown by the torn coat, and that he was either given more liquor until he was insensible, or overpowered and stripped, stabbed, and his body then taken to the cliff and lowered over the precipice to the beach, where the subsequent mutilation took place, if, indeed, it was not incurred in the struggle.

One little fact militated against this. A tradesman in Dover swore that Matterig had purchased the hatchet which was found on the beach at his shop before leaving the old Cinque Port, and had requested him to shorten the handle. In proof of this he produced the piece of the stock which had been cut off.

Shortly before the adjourned inquest a large knife was washed up from the sea, and its breadth corresponded with the opening of the wound in Matterig's chest, as measured by the surgeons.

When the coroner sat again, the murder theory was before the jury, but the police pointed out that it was highly probable that, inasmuch as the washing marks had been cut from every particle of clothing, and the very fingers which would serve to identify the deceased severed from the hand, further, that Matterig had purchased the hatchet and disguised himself by shaving off his beard and moustache, he had mutilated himself, and then committed suicide! The jury returned an open verdict.

Imagine the scene which the police propounded. Heinrich Matterig, a strong man, in good health, abundantly supplied with money, having jewellery, rings, gold watch and chain, carrying with him about fifty pounds in gold and a quantity of silver, comes all the way from America, spends a few days in England, purchases a hatchet, and goes to Ramsgate. On Sunday he leaves his hotel and dines at another, which he also leaves, carrying with him a bulky bag. Later, he goes to a house of ill-fame, and is seen at six o'clock in the evening. Somehow he spends his time till it is dark, and eventually goes down to the beach as the tide is receding.

The very surroundings appear to be in harmony with the awful tragedy which is about to take place. The moon just glimmers fitfully through a dense mass of cloud, producing that deep blue light which is associated with a bleak and dreary night. The wind, which is rising, strikes chill on the quivering flesh of the nearly exhausted man. Still he is about to leave the world, and he must take his last look at it. Far off in the distance he can see, through his rapidly dimming eyes, the flickering lights of the little town; out on the deep, a speck of gleam, now appearing, now vanishing, tells him that some fishing smack is toiling in the darkness. At his feet he can hear the scuttling of the small crabs—crabs who perhaps have an instinctive knowledge of the rich feast which is so soon to be within their reach. A sea bird calls through the night, and the weird sound echoes hollow against the cliff. In Nature there is a place for all but him. First he takes off his trousers and lays them near the spot where he intends to die. Furtively glancing round, he moves a little farther on, and deposits his coat. Some yards distant he lays down his waistcoat, and then in the darkness staggers on to another place and discards his shirt.

That done, a second shirt is taken off, and the would-be suicide carefully cuts off his wrist-bands lest they should betray him. Then, remembering that the other garments might do the same, the marks on them are carefully removed. He returns past the second shirt and discards his boots, from which he slices off the tops, and, presumably throws these, with the other pieces of linen, into the sea.

His money, watch, jewellery, and the contents of the carpet bag are likewise entrusted to Father Neptune's keeping. At last Matterig stands, naked as he was born, having in one hand a hatchet, and in the other a large knife. He looks

In company with "Pretty Julia."

round and spies a suitable chalk rock. He lays down the knife, takes the hatchet in his right hand, and places his left on the soft chalk, and with one blow severs his forefinger between the first two joints. That done, he again strikes, but possibly the pain, or probably the spirits which he has drunk, spoil his aim, and he only makes a gash.

A third blow is more successful, and the remaining three fingers fall asunder. Screwing up his courage, with more strokes he hacks off his hand at the wrist.

Then what follows? Bleeding, faint, in agony, he carries the hatchet a distance of about twenty yards, and places it on the beach. He staggers back to the rock, picks up his severed fingers and hand, and scatters them along the shore. Yet again he has to return to fetch the knife.

With his weapon grasped in his right hand, fast losing blood from the spurting arteries of his left wrist, he stumbles, nearly faint with pain and weakness, past the long list of garments which he has left as evidence of his suicide, to a spot ten yards beyond where he laid his trousers.

The murmuring sea calls him, nay, invites him to end his life, now nearly fled, in its gentle embrace. But no. The self-immolation on which he had determined must be consummated; the sacrifice for which he had prepared himself by a day of drunkenness and debauchery.

The moment for the end had come. Summoning up all his remaining strength, he plunges the huge knife into his left breast, and twists it to the right and left. Death, said the doctors, was instantaneous, and, therefore, he felt lifeless to the ground even as he drove the knife home. How, then, did he withdraw it and cast it out into the blackening waters? Where were the bloodstains on the stone and sand? It is a mystery.

Turn your mind from this harrowing scene to another. A drunken foreigner is picked up by some harlots. He is known to have plenty of money and jewellery on his person, and he has a large bag. Plied with drink, he falls into a drunken slumber, in which he is awakened by the hands of someone rifling his pockets. He struggles violently, but is overpowered. While being forcibly plundered, the "bullies," who lived in those days on the prostitutes, find the secret purse in which the fifty pounds were concealed. A momentary temptation overcomes them. They strip the helpless foreigner and stab him. Or, again, he may have been naked when awakened by the sound of the thieves, and been stabbed in a struggle with his assailants.

Alarmed at what they have done, they carry him, when drained of blood, to the cliff, or to Trinity Church, and wheel him to the rocks and lower him down to the beach. There every vestige on his clothing which might reveal his identity is removed, and the tell-tale fingers are severed with the hatchet found in the victim's bag. These, with the body and clothes, are laid just in the tide-way, in the hopes that the rising waves will soon engulph them, leaving no trace of the foul deed. Bag and knife are thrown into the sea, but, possibly being disturbed, the hatchet was dropped as the ruffians fled. Which of these two pictures seems the most probable?

At any rate, the true history of this awful tragedy has never been cleared up, but years afterwards it leaked out that Matterig was seen at eight o'clock on the Sunday night in company with one of the most hardened and notorious courtesans of Ramsgate, who was only known as "Pretty Julia." Search was made for this worthy, but she had disappeared, but it has been said that before she died she told an acquaintance that Heinrich Matterig was in her rooms that night, and that they were disturbed by some men entering. She ran away in a fright, and never saw Matterig again. Fear prevented her from giving information to the police.

The Primitive High Court.

It was in the days of Cromwell that the High Court of Justice first had its birth. Being greatly alarmed at the discovery of a Royalist plot, and fearing that he would not be able to rely on the convicting tendencies of any jury, the Protector established a Commission, which he termed the High Court, with full powers to determine matters of life and death without the interference of any jury. This was a breach of the provisions of the Magna Charta, but the Parliamentary party, who had shrieked for justice for so long, scrupled little about breaking laws when it suited their purpose. Lord Lisle was the first president of this court, and after the accession of Charles II. the Commission was dissolved, and England reverted to her normal state as regards the administration of justice. It was not till the reign of Queen Victoria that the High Court was revived on practically the same lines, though the power to sit without a jury was disallowed.

A Curious Punishment for Drunkards.

In a commune, near Mons, Belgium, when a person is found in the streets in an intoxicated condition he is immediately conducted to his home by a gendarme. On the following morning the officer calls on the delinquent, whom he attended on the previous night, and, handing him or her a large broom, orders the culprit to come out and join the scavengers for a couple of hours instead of being prosecuted for drunkenness. Only in very rare cases is the alternative refused.

Arresting a Judge in Court.

Perhaps the only occasion when a judge, in the execution of his high office, has been ignominiously arrested and haled off to durance vile was when Judge Hyde, with his brother lawyer, Lord Falkland, prepared a report on the question of Ship Money. The document so deeply implicated Mr. Justice Berkeley that it was found essential to bring him to trial. When the officers entered the Court of King's Bench they found Judge Berkeley in his robes, hearing a case. In spite of that they immediately arrested him and carried him off to prison. Subsequently he was tried and fined.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.

Of course in the present day hanging is so instantaneous that it is highly probable that the convict does not feel the least pain at the moment when he reaches the end of the rope, but in olden days, when the method of execution was neither so sure nor so humane, the unfortunate persons who had to suffer for their sins beneath the black beam of the gallows had to suffer in fact as well as in metaphor. No efficient drop was allowed, and the miserable wretches were virtually strangled to death. The cruelty of this method, as well as its impracticability, has been demonstrated on several occasions by the "hanged" malefactors reviving after they had suffered the extreme penalty of the law. As a rule, any of these fortunate ones who recovered after their bodies had been cut down from the gallows were regarded as legally dead, and were permitted to go their way in peace, but, to the shame of the Irish Government which was then in force, it may be said that on one occasion at least the miscreant had to suffer twice for the same offence.

The incident to which we allude was the hanging of a youth in County Carlow, in the middle of the eighteenth century. The culprit was but a mere boy, and having been hanged, he was duly cut down from the gibbet, and subsequently recovered, only to be treated in the gaol infirmary for a month, and again led out to execution.

We have to come to more modern times to get an account of what it feels like to be hanged. In 1825 a country lad was hanged at Omagh for the heinous offence of sheep stealing, a form of crime which was then rife in the district, and which had to be stamped out. After the body had dangled at the end of the rope for the prescribed time, it was cut down and handed over to the convict's relatives for interment. As it happened, however, the youth recovered, and, beyond a slight distortion of the neck, was none the worse for his experience, as far as his physical condition was concerned, but he was shunned by all the countryside, who declared that the devil had had a hand in preserving him.

In his distress, for he could get neither food nor work, he went to the house of one of the officials who was present at his legal execution, and asked for alms. The gentleman to whom he applied gave him food and money, and then, as a matter of curiosity, asked him what it felt like to be hanged.

In reply, the young man said that though he felt the jerk of the rope when the ladder was turned, he did not become unconscious. He seemed to have the power of seeing all round, above and below him. Then everything turned a bright red colour, and a sort of half sleepy sensation crept through his frame, till he became insensible. "But," he added, "the agony which I went through as I was restored to life I cannot express."

This account, in many particulars, agrees with that which was given to the writer by an actor, recently deceased, who was hanged by accident. In a play which was in progress, Mr. H—— had to be "hanged." Under proper conditions, he was hauled up over the branch of the stage tree by means of a cord fastened to his belt, but one night the attachment to the cord slipped, and the noose tightened round the neck of the son of Thespis.

No one noticed that anything was wrong, while the poor actor was slowly choking to death. Describing his experience, he said that he felt a burning sensation in his head for a second or two, then everything seemed to become a brilliant red, changing suddenly to a bright green. In his ears he could hear the sound of rushing waters, and the lights of the vast auditorium were blotted out. Of actual pain, he felt very little, save for the fact that his head seemed to feel too small. Then he lost consciousness.

Fortunately, a "super" standing in the wings noticed that Mr. H—— was almost blue in the face, and running round to the opposite side saw that the hook, which should have supported him, was not in the ring behind the belt.

The sensations of returning consciousness, according to the partially hanged actor, were terrible, and he said that he wished that his friends had left him where he was, for his sufferings were extreme.

In many particulars, it will be seen that these two accounts, separated by an interval of sixty years or so, agree. There have been several other occasions on which persons who have been hanged until unconsciousness supervened have given their experiences to the world, but the only point on which any of them differ is as to whether objects turn red or green to the sight before the darkness of oblivion descends. Nowadays it is impossible to get evidence on this point, as far as legal hangings are concerned, since the method adopted ensures dislocation of the neck in every case.

Criminal Problems

PREVENTION OF CRIME—THE REFORMATORY ACT.

HAVING touched on the principles of prevention of crime in the children of the criminal classes, before they have actually taken their first step in wrong-doing, we have now to look at the methods adopted for leading those who have matriculated in evil back to the paths of rectitude.

England was the first country to fully recognise the importance of stemming the stream of crime at its source before permitting it to swell into a flood, and though the present scheme is not perfect, still it has done yeoman service to the country during the past few years, as the reports of the Prison Commissioners amply testify.

Before dealing with the means which are taken in civilised countries for the reformation of the juvenile offender, let us take a glance at the history of the movement. Fifty-two years ago there was no method of dealing with youthful criminals save to send them to prison. In the minds of the legislators of the eighteenth century death was the universal remedy for any offence which was more grievous than the theft of a shilling, and mere children were often sent to the gallows with as much unconcern as if they were sheep cast for the shambles. With the commencement of the nineteenth century more humane methods obtained, though whipping, branding, and transportation were still the recognised modes of punishing the youthful transgressor. Murder, fortunately, is rare amongst children, but as late as 1831 a boy of fifteen was hanged at Maidstone for that crime.

As the reign of Victoria progressed all children convicted of offences were sent to gaol. There might be found the youngster whose sole misdemeanour was that of ringing door-bells, mixed up with hardened criminals who stopped little short of murder. Throwing stones, stealing apples, and other childish iniquities were rewarded with terms of imprisonment, which hopelessly ruined the young sinners for life. Indeed, it was said at that time that "the gaol was the Government school for education in crime, and every form of judicial machinery was employed in sending the juvenile thither."

We shall not wonder, then, to learn that boys of twelve and thirteen years of age figured among the "habitual criminals"! Nor is it a matter for astonishment to read that 58 per cent. of the criminal classes began to practise crime before they were fifteen. In the prisons there was little or no religious instruction, and the short periods for which the majority of the young scamps were committed prevented them from learning any useful trade or industry.

At that time juvenile crime was rife in the land. In every large town there were regular schools for thieves, where the little criminals were properly trained by bullies, who used to receive from them the spoils, and as often as not thrash them most unmercifully if they failed to bring in a good haul. In London alone there were over two hundred "flash houses," where the proceeds of pilfering were received, and these establishments found employment for upwards of six thousand boys.

This was the state of affairs in 1851, when some philanthropists commenced the agitation for the proper treatment of the juvenile offender, which culminated in the passing, in 1854, of the first Reformatory Act, the direct outcome of several conferences held at Birmingham.

Prior to this some slight attempts had been made for the treatment of the young sinner, but the result was not satisfactory, inasmuch as the co-operation of the child was necessary. Thus in 1756 the Marine Society was formed, with the object of clothing waifs and strays and sending them to sea, and in 1788 the Philanthropic Society established a school at Red Hill for young lads who were willing to enter it after imprisonment. In 1838 an Act of Parliament was passed, arranging for the admission to Parkhurst School of any boys who were imprisoned and who were willing to accept pardon on the condition that they entered the establishment.

The first Reformatory Act converted several charitable institutions into Government establishments, in which children could be legally confined, and which were under proper control and inspection. At the time of its passing it was estimated that 14,000 juvenile criminals passed through the gaols in each year, and it was, of course, impossible that all of these should be received into homes. Provision was therefore made that magistrates should have the power to send to reformatories children who had committed offences punishable with fourteen days' imprisonment, but at the same time it was stipulated that the imprisonment had to be served first. Thus the child was branded as a gaol bird before any measures were taken for his reclamation, and the chief evil which it was most necessary to remove was sanctioned by the new Act, namely, the hopeless contamination of the juvenile.

We will next glance at the systems in force on the Continent, so that we shall be able to compare them with our English methods.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

How the Celestials Prevent Bankruptcy.

THE code which governs John Chinaman ordains a very rough and ready method of dealing with fraudulent bankers. When a bank fails the law orders that all the clerks and managers shall be beheaded in the nearest market-place. The heads are then thrown into a heap, together with the books and documents of the firm, and there left as a warning to others. The system is effective, for not a single bank has stopped payment during the last five hundred years.

A Cunning Thief.

THE ingenuity of a thief caused the death of Sir John Suckling. The facts are as follows:—The knight's valet had long been seeking an opportunity for plundering his master, and at last saw a good chance to do so. Having secured a fair booty, he was about to take his departure, when he remembered that Sir John was a very active man, and would probably pursue him the instant the theft was discovered. To cover his retreat he stuck the blade of a penknife in his master's boot, knowing that the irascible gentleman would instantly draw on the boots and give chase. He was right in his conjectures, for the enraged man did so, and the knife entered deeply into his foot. Subsequently, blood-poisoning supervened, and Sir John died.

Boiling to Death.

THE most horrible penalty that ever disgraced the English Statute Book was that of boiling to death, an invention of that genial monarch, Bluff King Hal. One Ruse, a cook in the service of the Bishop of Rochester, having taken into his head to experiment in poisons, brewed a concoction of hemlock and other poisonous herbs and served it as soup on the occasion of a dinner-party which his master was giving. As a result several persons died, and Ruse was arrested, when he confessed how his taste for toxicology had led him to enter the fields of research. Seeing how easily any of his enemies might kill him, Henry VIII. was much alarmed, and ordered that the law should immediately be amended and the punishment for poisoners altered to boiling to death. Poor Ruse was the first to suffer in this fashion. A huge caldron was suspended over a pile of logs in Smithfield Market, and the culprit was bound and placed in it, water—cold—being added, sufficiently deep to immerse him up to the shoulders. The fire was then lit, and the cook left to stew slowly to death. Two other criminals suffered the same fate, but the details of this mode of execution were too revolting even for those times, and public outcry was made against this inhuman penalty. One of the first acts of Edward VI. on succeeding to the throne was to repeal Statute 22, Henry VIII., 1531, and substitute ordinary hanging for boiling to death, except in the case of women who poisoned husband or child, who were to be burned to death.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

A. F.-D.—Many thanks. We have already done so.

W. T. Z.—We cannot answer letters by post. Your answer has already appeared.

POACHER.—If when poaching you shoot a game-keeper you are nominally guilty of murder. An illegal act of greater gravity committed while doing another illegal act is considered to be done of malice aforethought.

ANXIOUS.—In England a criminal process can be commenced any number of years after the perpetration of a crime. In France the law is different, and after ten years have elapsed even a murderer cannot be charged with his crime.

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